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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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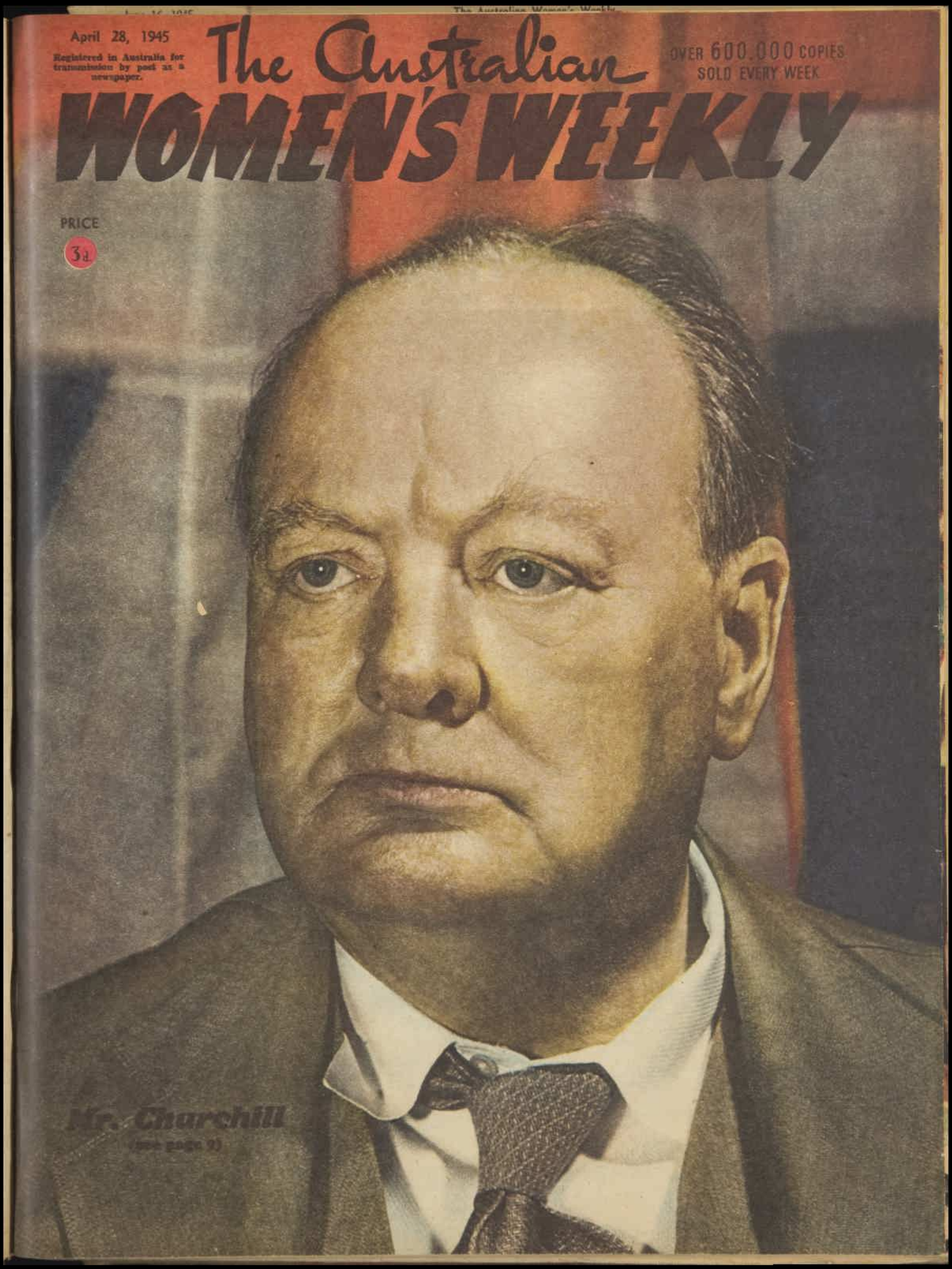

Mr. Churchill

(see page 9)

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HOW LONG WILL YOUR *Marriage* LAST?

By JOHN KENYON

"TILL death do us part . . ." You said it and meant it on your wedding day. You may anticipate being tied to a man for a lifetime because of the vows you both take, but even if you do spend that time together (and a lot of you will not!), just how long can you live with your husband before he cools toward you?

You can find out by answering the following questions. Give yourself five marks for each "Yes."

(1) Do you expect him to account for all the money he earns from his job?

(2) Do you get annoyed when he brings home friends without first warning you?

(3) Does he read the paper at the breakfast table and study commercial papers from the office while eating his evening meal?

(4) Are you very fond of going places, especially to parties?

(5) Are you the type who considers that several children become too great a burden and make a woman too suburban and frustrated for entertainment?

(6) Are all his kisses nice and sweet but very short and absent-minded?

(7) Would you show upset and fear at having to give up home, friends, and relatives in your home town to go with him to a new job in a strange place?

(8) Are you completely unsuspicious, allowing him to be late from work and absent himself from home without forcing him to make explanations?

(9) Do you let him know that all his many business associates bore you?

(10) Do you think that a woman can earn as much as or more than her husband and still maintain a happy marriage while they are both working?

(11) Do you think that a woman should confide everything in her husband?

(12) Are you positive in your own heart and mind that your marriage is going to be a perfect success?

Before we go any further, total up your score. How did you make out?

Now here is the catch! I wrote that you could allot five marks for every "Yes."

The psychological reaction to that might be an inducement to consider that "Yes" meant that such was the right answer.

The blunt fact is that you should have written "No" to every question I listed!

I shall tell you why in a moment.

What is your total? If you gave yourself over fifty marks then you may just make the first two years.

Forty to fifty will offer you a few years' happiness.

To have a real chance of making a success of your marriage you should have said "Yes" not more than four times!

Now to explain:—

(1) No man wants to be a budget boy. He likes to be secretive and appear more resourceful than he really is.

(2) His friends are not chosen for entertainment only, but often because of business reasons. So you must make allowances for that. If he forgets to ring, then forgive him.

(3) If he cannot bear to look at you first thing in the morning and as soon as he arrives home from the office, then you have lost your girlish glamor—which men love!

(4) If you love parties and want to keep going to them you brand yourself as a good-time girl. These can make good wives, but men will not admit that.

(5) He may not want you to fill all the spare rooms with infants, but he likes to think you could think of nothing more desirable.

(6) If he keeps kissing nicely get ready to go home to mamma. He must get a little absentminded now and then.

(7) Moving with the man is a must. He needs your support in his ventures, and if you do not give it wholeheartedly then he loses confidence in both himself and you.

(8) Be suspicious if he wanders! You're a woman, aren't you? Anyway, all men like to think they are just the smallest bit naughty!

(9) See answer 2.

(10) A woman can help out with smaller money in a difficult time—but even then it is hell for the man. No, dearie, let him rake in all the chips, even though he moans while he does it and you spend it!

(11) Never confide everything in your husband. Keep a little reserve for difficult times. Keep something up your sleeve so that he will be a little unsure of holding you!

(12) If you are positive in heart and mind that your marriage is going to be a perfect success, then it will flop!

Because cocksureness leads to blindness and foolishness, and you will have a "Yes" answer for all the questions I asked.

No woman in love should be perfectly sure of her husband. That is what makes love so very fascinating!

If you are an over-forty scorer, then do not waste a moment! Be happy while you can! My journalistic pen weeps ink in sympathy for you!

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PASTORAL

By NEVIL SHUTE

TWO important events mark the day following FLIGHT - LIEUTENANT PETER MARSHALL'S night raid on Turin—he catches a record-sized pike, and meets SECTION-OFFICER ROBERTSON, W.A.A.F., when she admires the fish.

Marshall shares his pet hobby of fishing with members of his crew, the Danish SERGEANT-PILOT GUNNAR FRANCK, navigator, and SERGEANT PHILLIPS, rear-gunner.

Now read on:—

SECTION-OFFICER Robertson walked down the road to the small house that was the W.A.A.F. officers' quarters. She went into the little sitting-room. Mrs. Stevens, the middle-aged Flight-Officer in charge, W.A.A.F., was at the writing-table, finishing a letter. The Section-Officer said: "I've just seen the most enormous fish."

The Flight-Officer said: "Fish? What fish—where?"

"It was a pike—about that long." She measured with her hands. "One of the pilots had it on a dish in the dining-room."

"Peter Marshall? A flight-lieutenant? He was going fishing this afternoon."

The girl nodded. "That's the one." So his name was Peter. "He said he was going to have it for lunch tomorrow."

"Oh, he did, did he? Well, I did say that he could if he caught a big fish that would feed several people."

"It'll do that all right," said Miss Robertson. "Probably make us all sick."

The older woman turned back to the table to address her letter; the girl took her novel from the mantelpiece and sat down to read for an hour before supper, but the book failed to hold her.

She disliked being at Hartley. She had held a commission for about a year; that year had been spent at a training station in the north of England. She was a north country girl from Thirsk in Yorkshire, country bred among the moors and streams. She did not like it when she was transferred to Bomber Command and sent down to the south, to Oxfordshire, far from her home. She liked it less when she had been at Hartley for a week.

In two raids during that week the Wing lost four machines. She was on duty for one of those raids. From midnight onward she was in and out of the Control office till dawn, trying to locate the missing two machines.

When she walked back to her quarters in the grey morning it was with the knowledge that two young officers that she had messed with would not return. She was tired and cold and numb as she walked to her quarters; in her bed she wept for a long while in her fatigue and misery before sleep claimed her. Next day she was pale-faced, and very quiet.

In Training Command the casualties had been very few, here they happened necessarily again and again. She longed for the cheerful atmosphere of her last station, instead of the grey unhappiness of this place.

She sat looking, unseeing, at her book. It had been amazing to hear Peter Marshall declare that he had enjoyed his day. And what was more, he obviously had. She had been about to take him up, and ask how anyone could have fun in such an awful hole as Hartley, but she had checked herself. One didn't say that sort of thing.

Peter Marshall. He looked as if he enjoyed doing things. He said he had been spinning for the pike. After Turin in the black night he must have had a very happy day, and queerly, she was happy that he had.

She stirred herself to fix attention on her book, and presently she was reading it in earnest.

Marshall and Johnson dined together in the mess, and afterwards walked down with Humphries to the "Black Horse."

In the saloon bar there were lights and cheerful talk, and shove-halfpenny, and a table of bar billiards ticking away the sixpences. The room was full of smoke and noise.

Most of the men were air crews from the station. There were one or two Waafs with them sitting in corners rather diffidently in so masculine a place, and one or two civilians from the district. After an hour or so Marshall found himself telling one of these civilians about his pike.

"Eleven pounds?" the man said. He was a delicate-looking chap about thirty years of age, dressed in a golf coat and grey trousers. "That's a good weight. Not many pike that weight in the Pittel." His words were like music to the pilot.

"Have a beer," said Marshall. And when he had provided it, he said: "You've lived here a long time, I suppose?"

The other laughed. "Eighteen months," he said. "I come from London. I'm in the motor trade—Great Portland Street. Now I'm in tractors. I run the service depot up the road."

Marshall said: "A bit quiet after London?"

"No. I love it. Down here there's always something to do."

"What sort of thing?"

"Well—shooting, for example."

The pilot said: "Do you know the people out at Coldstone Mill?"

"Up the river—where you caught the pike? It's on Jack Barton's land. I don't know the people in the mill, but I know Jack Barton."

"Would he let me have a go at the pigeons in the trees below the mill?"

"I should think so."

"If you know him, would you like to ask him for me? Or give me a chit to him?"

The man said: "Give me twopence for the call, and I'll give him a tinkle in the morning."

"That's awfully good of you."

"What's your name?"

Please turn to page 12

"She's beautiful," Marshall told himself as he gazed at her in the crowded room.

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Rich Little Poor Girl

By Dorothy Black

"Good-bye. Have a good trip," Janice said brightly.

JANICE was not an unhappy girl because she never had any illusions. She had always known Peter married her for her money. He was forever telling her so, in humorous tones. Peter's jokes, said Jerry, didn't merely have a sting in their tail. They had a kick like a cow.

Without her money, Janice knew she would never have had a chance.

She fell in love with Peter the very first time she met him. Peter wore an exquisite silver-grey suit which made him look even handsomer than he was, and he had the grandest figure, and the evenest, whitest teeth she had ever seen.

Peter felt no sentiments whatever about Janice. He merely thought what a skinny, brown girl she was. But he soon realised on which side his bread was buttered. Besides, his affair with Averil de Lisle, the dancing star at the Winter Palace, had come to rather a deadlock, because he knew she wanted him to marry her, and he also knew he couldn't afford to get hitched up for life to a girl whose legs were her fortune. Supposing she broke one!

He had been searching round for some time for a way of prising himself loose, but Averil was a habit hard to give up. However, once Peter decided to get engaged to Janice the affair ended.

Janice loved him. She took a London flat for him, because he wanted one, and it was he who chose the magnificent country home where they eventually settled down. It was on the Thames, with a swimming pool and tennis courts, and a polo ground which Peter adored.

Life was a beautiful game, and Peter enjoyed every minute of it. No one knew if Janice enjoyed it, too. She was a quiet girl, who never took down her hair in other girls' bedrooms, or opened her heart at the edge of the swimming pool when the moon was full. Some people said she was pretty wooden. She rode, and played poker—which she hated—because Peter played it, and she always paid his debts on the nail, because he never could, although she made him a generous allowance.

One evening when Peter was tying his tie before dinner, in the mirror in her room, he said very nonchalantly:

"Oh, I forgot to mention, darling. I've asked an old friend down for the week-end."

"All right," she said. "Where do you want me to put him?"

"It isn't a him; it's a her this time. The name is Averil de Lisle."

Janice said nothing for a moment. She always knew it would come, but that didn't make it hurt any the less.

"I'll put her in the pink room," she said, quietly.

After that Averil was perpetually round. She and Peter would lie for hours talking on the red-and-white spotted sunchairs, or go off up the river together in the motor launch.

Sometimes, at evening, Janice would kneel down at her bedroom window and look out over the beautiful gardens.

I gained the whole world, but lost my soul, thought Janice. And then she saw Milsom going home to the little black-and-white farmhouse in the hollow. Fred Milsom was the farmer. The day's work was done, and he carried his scythe over his shoulder.

A queer, sick envy filled her heart. Kate would be waiting for him there inside the little house. He would take her in his arms and kiss her. They hadn't been married very long, and you didn't have to be told how it was with them. There was a glow about Kate that a woman has who is beloved. They weren't rich. They didn't own any gilt-edged stock or land, or houses, but Janice envied them. Kate had her man to herself.

So it got that while Averil and Peter were going round together, Janice used to go over the fields and visit Kate. She learned in the stone, cool dairy, how to make butter, and she learned in the clover meadow how to tend fowls. And it was queer how happy she was.

Then the war came.

Peter did one of those things that made Janice forgive him so much, and love him all the more. Instead of oiling out of it all, as he easily could have done, he oiled himself into the thick of it, and got sent abroad.

He had been gone six months, when Janice got the first premonition of what was coming to her. Old Joe Wilson, her family lawyer, came down with forms and files, and she learned that practically from now onwards all she would get out of the large fortune her father had left her was something less than Peter's pay.

"It's pretty unpleasant, I'm afraid," said old Joe; he had never cared much for Peter, knowing what he knew. "This place will have to go. I'd get the military to take it over if I were you." Finally he said, sorry for her, "I'm blessed if I know how on earth you are going to manage."

"I'll manage," said Janice.

The country house went. The London flat went. The military commandeered her estate.

Janice had to move somewhere else, and didn't know where to go, and then Fred Milsom came to her. He had been called up, and Kate couldn't carry on alone. Kate was going to have a baby and would go back to her mother in the village, and he suggested Janice take over the little farmhouse.

She thought it a good idea. She couldn't run the farm, but with the help of young Tim Hopkins she would keep up the poultry.

"I don't know much about it," she said, "but I'll learn. A girl can learn anything if she really tries. Tell Kate I want to be godmother when the time comes."

From the start it was a happy house. It was as if the Milsoms had broken off a little corner of their own domestic bliss, and left it behind to start something.

Janice no longer went to town. Her nails, that had once been long and tapered, were short and unmanicured. Her hair did whatever it liked with itself.

Peter came back, all unheralded. He hadn't even let her know he had been in hospital and was now discharged from the Army.

He went to his house, and beheld soldiers in that extreme undress only achieved by soldiers. He went to his stables, and found tanks and lorries, and more soldiers. It was quite a while before he found his home and his wife, and by that time he was extremely angry.

Janice was feeding the chickens.

"This is a nice homecoming!" said Peter. "What are you playing at?"

It took her a little time to explain all the ins and outs of it.

"Why the heck didn't you tell me?"

"What was the use of worrying you? You couldn't do anything."

"There I was dreaming of a bit of comfort again and I come back to this," said Peter, and he sounded almost shocked.

"It's not so bad, Peter," she said wistfully, for she had harbored a forlorn hope he would praise her for managing so well under adverse circumstances. "It's really not bad."

She helped him unpack the little he had, and put out civilian clothes and took his dirty things away to wash them. It was queer seeing Janice, who had never raised a finger, doing things like this. He looked about him gloomily. The little house was marvellously compact and neat and well arranged.

"I've asked Jerry down for the week-end," Peter remarked. "He's been discharged, too."

"We can put him up. I've fixed a spare room," Janice answered.

Peter mumbled. If she hadn't loved him so much, she could have smacked him.

"Where are you off to now?" he demanded, as she went through to the kitchen in a butcher-blue overall.

"To cook the dinner."

"Do you mean to say you do all the cooking?"

"Of course I do. Who else do you suppose there is to do it, Peter?" she asked, mildly.

"Looks as if I'd be poisoned on top of everything else," he said unkindly.

Please turn to page 24

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FORMULA UNKNOWN

By IAN LASRY

"Mr. Umphelby," cried Bill, as Gloria scurried up on to the bookshelf.

AS Mr. Elijah Umphelby was fond of telling his friends, he always kept very much to himself in public. Having had his pocket picked on one occasion, with the consequent loss of ten pounds, he was not a man who welcomed the sudden attentions of perfect strangers.

When the ragged little man with the peaked, intelligent face sidled up to him in a City lane, it isn't surprising, therefore, that Mr. Umphelby sheered abruptly away.

"'Ere, 'old on, pal," the little man's voice consisted mainly of a hoarse, bronchial whisper, mixed with a good deal of heavy breath. "'Old on," he repeated, tugging gently at Mr. Umphelby's sleeve, "I got sutthink 'ere as might interest you."

"I don't think," enunciated Mr. Umphelby decidedly, "that you could possibly have anything that might interest me. Nor," he finished pointedly, "do I ever deal in Black Markets of any kind."

The little man grinned. "This's sutthink better nor any Black Market," he said, "this's a Magic Formulyer."

Mr. Umphelby fished in a pocket. "Look, my man," he said nervously, "you take this shilling and go and have another drink." But the ragged one brushed away his outstretched palm. "I don't want no shilling," he remarked with asperity. "I ain't interested in no money. This's fer yer own good. Now, willya listen to me, willya?"

Mr. Umphelby stopped unwillingly. "Well, I've missed a tram," he said, "and either you're mad or I am. What's it all about?"

The little man dug an eager paw into his overcoat pocket, and produced a small box. Opening it, he revealed several paper packets of varying colors. "These," he said proudly, "are me powders. Now this one 'ere," he held up a bright green packet "is a parrot powder. This one," a blue packet was waved aloft, "is me monkey powder." He picked over others in the box. "The yailer's me elephink powder, purple's me donkey, mauve's me snake, white's me bee, and red's me dorg."

"Do you mean," said Mr. Umphelby with restraint, "that you are manufacturing health powders for—ah—bees and snakes?"

"Health powders nuthink," said the little man contemptuously. He looked round, and lowered his voice. "These powders," he said, "you only have to take a sniff off of 'em, and you start actin' like whatever animile the powder is. A little sniff—it only lasts a minnit. A big sniff—it lasts a coupla hours. The more powder yer sniff up, the longer you stay like wotever animile the powder is wot yer sniffed up. See?"

Elijah Umphelby cleared his throat. "My good man," he said, "I've already wasted five minutes talking to you. Now, if you'll excuse me . . ."

"Yer don't believe me, hey?" The little man was indignant. He broke open a packet. "'Ere, take a sniff 'er this," he said, thrusting his palm under Mr. Umphelby's nose.

Mr. Umphelby sniffed. "Bow-wow-wow," he said distinctly.

The little man laughed. "Believe it now?" he demanded.

Elijah stood stock still. Something had gone radically wrong. If he'd heard himself aright, he'd barked just now — barked like a dog. He opened his mouth: "I don't bel — bow-wow-wooooooo." That high-pitched wail definitely had issued from his mouth. A passer-by stopped and gaped, and Mr. Umphelby cleared his throat, and tried to look like a man to whom dog-noises came naturally. Suddenly he sneezed, and his own voice came back with a rush.

"But-but this can't be possible!" he cried. The little man grinned. "All right, pal, if yer wants more proof—wot price this?" He slit open another packet, and tossed a little powder in front of a large and opulent citizen who was proceeding majestically past. For a moment there was no result. Then the most extraordinary noise issued from the opulent one.

"Cocky wants a biscuit," he announced in a cracked but positive voice.

With a feeling of mounting astonishment, Mr. Umphelby saw him raise one foot, and scratch himself effortlessly under the armpit. "Pretty Cocky," he remarked throatily, "Cocky wants a drink." He turned, and Elijah was struck by the expression of helpless amazement on his face.

The little man edged closer. "That's the funny part about these 'ere powders," he whispered, "yer know yer actin' funny, but yer carn't do nuthink about it."

Mr. Umphelby gazed fascinated at the latest victim. He had tucked his bowler under his arm, and was walking ponderously and deliberately to and fro along an imaginary perch across the alley. "Pretty Cocky," he said suddenly.

A girl passer-by gave a shriek and fled. The opulent one raised a foot, and scratched his back. It was the most amazing human contortion Elijah had ever seen. He turned to the little man. "Quick," he said feverishly, "let's get into a coffee-lounge, and talk this over. We'll have to do something about this poor fellow."

"He'll be jake," said the little man casually; "it won't last more nor a few seconds longer. But I'd like a cuppa cawfee, all the same."

They sat down in a quiet corner. Mr. Umphelby mopped his brow. "What I don't see, about the whole thing," he said, "is how you work it that these powders are going to do you any good."

"If yer mean any good in the way of dough," said the little man serenely, "I ain't interested. But if yer mean any good in the way of makin' people better and easier ter get on with, then yer torkin'. Now I work it this way—everybody knows someone who oughter be taken down a peg or two. You must know a couple like that yerself, dontcher?"

"Well," said Mr. Umphelby doubtfully, "well, maybe I do, at that."

"Well," said the other, "I reckon these powders is the best way ter do it. Yer can make a bloke act the fool for as long as yer like, see. And all the time he's actin' the fool, he'll know he's doin' it. If there is a man wot can stay swelled-'eaded after that, I ain't met 'im yet."

"There may be something in what you say."

"O' course there is!" The little man was emphatic. "I'm a demmercrat, see. And these powders of mine is the most demmercratic medicine wot was ever invented. Now listen. Would yer like a loan of some?"

Mr. Umphelby's brain had never had to cope with anything quite like this before, but it ticked over quickly as certain names occurred to him. "I should like some very much," he said.

"Okey-doke," said his companion, holding out the box, "take some." Mr. Umphelby did so, a rare smile flitting across his face. "I'm confident," he remarked, "that these will do a great deal of good — a very great deal of good."

"This time next week," said the little man as they parted, "yer might meet me here, and let me know how things go."

"I'll be here," said Mr. Umphelby as they separated.

As Elijah sat down in his accustomed office corner, he felt a momentary pang of fear that the whole thing had been a mad dream, or a hoax. But the feel of the packets in his pocket, and the mental picture of the opulent one scratching his back with one foot was very real, and he was reassured.

Thus it was that when Miss Gloria Sandilands, the office's hurricane-blonde, walked in, only ten minutes late from lunch, Mr. Umphelby had prepared for her.

Miss Sandilands had, for some time, exercised a considerable but unfortunate influence on young Bill, the office accountant, whom Mr. Umphelby classed as a good type. Bill, through inexperience, seemed to be blind to the poorer side of the glittering Gloria. It was a pity, Mr. Umphelby had reflected, a great pity. And he had broken open a powder, and spread it along the edge of the office mirror.

Miss Sandilands, having made her usual polished entrance under the adoring gaze of young Bill, swept up to the mirror and began some running repairs to her face. All of a sudden, Bill's eyes widened. Unless he was seeing things, the lovely Gloria was scratching herself in a rather vulgar way in front of the mirror. Suddenly, she turned. "Prowk! Pree! Prowk-prink!" she said, and scurried nimbly up to the top of a large bookshelf, where she crouched, grinning foolishly. "Prowk-prink-prink," she articulated, and scratched herself languidly.

"Mr. Umphelby," young Bill's voice had cracked under the strain, "Mr. Umphelby, do you see what I see?"

Mr. Umphelby turned a composed countenance, and surveyed the monkeylike Gloria. "I can't say that I'm surprised," he said calmly. "I've been expecting this for a long time. It's a kind of throw-back, I suppose."

"Prink-prowk-prink," remarked Gloria.

"Well I'm ——," said Bill helplessly.

It was perhaps unfortunate that Miss Sarina Proudfoot, the elder member of the female staff, should have chosen that moment to come in. Elijah Umphelby had never had any time for either Miss Proudfoot or her bitter tongue, so she didn't have a chance from the start.

MISS PROUDFOOT looked up at the chattering Gloria, perched contentedly on the bookcase, and her mouth dropped open. She breathed deeply. "Miss Sandilands, what on earth ——," she began, and Mr. Umphelby gave her the contents of the purple packet. Miss Proudfoot seemed to gather herself together, and drew her lips well back from a set of very false teeth.

"Hee-haw!" she said, "eee-haw, eee-haw, eee-haw!" and, with that introduction completed, kicked a formidable pair of heels and broke into an easy canter round the room. Miss Sandilands, chattering excitedly, watched with interest from her perch, and all of a sudden, with a swift dive, was on Miss Proudfoot's broad shoulders. The latter, hardly breaking stride, continued her exercise gallop. "Hee-haw!" she cried triumphantly, and it seemed that her ears flapped.

Then, the inter-office door began to open, and the beginnings of a very red face showed in the aperture.

One of Mr. Silas Jensen's happy little ways of making sure that his staff worked well was by managing to see them just a little time before they saw him. Sometimes, when satisfied, he had even been known to close the door and go away again—but not on this occasion. The red face took on a purple hue, the door swung wide, and Mr. Jensen came forth, arrayed in righteousness, to do battle — very nearly colliding with the galloping Miss Proudfoot in the process.

"Miss Sandilands! Miss Proudfoot!" yelled Mr. Jensen hoarsely.

"Eee-haw!" cried Miss Proudfoot.

"Prink-prink-prink!" squeaked the beautiful Gloria, clinging on for dear life.

Surreptitiously, Mr. Umphelby slit open another powder, and projected a little in the direction of his gaping employer. Suddenly, the most amazing change came over the latter. He stiffened, and spread his arms wide. Then they started to beat with astonishing rapidity.

Please turn to page 23

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5 FACTS

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NOT ALL PIGS

By W. U. NORTON

THE shrill whistle of the bosun's call, followed by the stentorian singsong voice of Old Bill Tarrant, the quartermaster, summoned A/B John Edward (Dodger) Oldfleet, Quarters Rating 3rd Class, Official Number PM40682, from his quiet retreat behind the hammock bin in the watchkeeper's mess-deck.

Oldfleet had been prepared for this, and felt relieved that the suspense of waiting was over. With a quick sniff and a tug at his No. 3 blue serge suit, he dawdled up a ladder and ambled towards the quarterdeck to obey the order: "Captain's Requestmen and Defaulters, Lay Aft!"

It was a glorious day — one of those superb sunny winter days that only Egypt can "turn on," a contrast and a compensation which that country produces to offset the frightful khamsins and the flies of summer.

But to Oldfleet, the day held little promise of anything good. In fact, quite the contrary.

As he shuffled aft, assuming instinctively the cautious gait used by all "little ship" men when moving along the upper deck of a destroyer, he reviewed, as clearly as he could remember, the events of the previous evening. It was such an insignificant incident he would have thought.

"A Gyppo gharry driver tried to do in 'Tiny' and me for five piastres, sir," had been the excuse offered to the officer of the watch. "We gave him ten piastres for the trip from 14 Gate to the Fleet Club, see, sir—we stopped for a couple of quickies at a dump in Mahomet Ali Square, and you know what this doctored gyppy beer does to you, sir; well, he wanted 15 'disasters' and set up a winge. The 'kipper' patrol came out to see what the row was about, and that really started it. I don't remember any more until I came to in our motor-boat on the way off to the ship, sir—aw, sir, what's the use?"

He remembered his sudden outburst in front of the astonished Sub-Lieutenant. "Don't know why I ever joined this blinkin' outfit. Nothin's gone right since me depot time. P/O.s and 'killicks' kicking me about all the time. The Jimmy and the rest of you aft with your knives into me. I'm in the rattle and doing jankers every time the bell strikes. Even the old m——, the Captain, calls me a skulker. I've had it. I'm fed up and I want a draft home."

It was a terrific outburst, and although he was silenced by the duty petty-officer, the memory of the relief he had felt when this weight, which had been pressing and souring his soul, was suddenly lifted caused a wry smile to flicker on his thought-puckered face.

But the patrol report was enough for the officer of the watch, and the half-drunken sailor was passed to the higher tribunal of the First-Lieutenant. Things had not gone well with Oldfleet when brought before the Jimmy. That poor, harassed officer, trying to see his requestmen and defaulters in between the thousand-and-one jobs which demanded his immediate attention, had little time, and less mercy, for the "foul" whom he considered the one blot on the otherwise honored escutcheon of H.M.A.S. Venturous.

Hence the gloom of our hero as he prepared to pass several minutes of his watch below in a most unwelcome interview on the wrong side of the Captain's table.

The torpedo cox'n brought him back to realities with "Captainsrequestmenanddefaulters SHUN!"

In a trice he found himself face to face with the Captain. He tried to hold the steely blue eyes of his judge as the charge was read out:

"OLDFLEET, J. E., Able-Seaman, Official Number P.M.40682, (1) was drunk ashore at Alexandria at 2030 on 6th Dec., 1944; (2) did commit an act to the prejudice of good order and Naval discipline in that he did strike Leading-Seaman J. N. Hardcastle, O.N. C/X 109431, of the R.N. Patrol, he being in the execution of his duty."

Dodger reflected, in the little time that he had, on the high-sounding legality of the phrases, and found it hard to believe that a little brush with the tommy crushers should sound so serious in print. There was little the defaulter could do about it. Even the aid of his divisional officer, an embryo lawyer in private life, was inadequate against the weight of evidence to support the charge.

The Captain heard the case to the end, weighing the points as they were presented. The pause before his decision seemed an eternity to the culprit before him. At last it was out: "Remanded for Punishment!"

"Remanded for punishment. About-turn-double-march!" repeated the Cox'n, and the seaman moved off the quarterdeck.

Many and varied were the oaths hurled about the mess-deck, and the abuse heaped on the absent Captain, First-Lieutenant, Cox'n, R.N. patrol, and the Service in general was a revelation in lower-deck language, spiced as it was with expressive words culled from the multitudinous tongues spoken in the countries bordering the Mediterranean. With a final curse: "Pigs, pigs, they can't do this to me," Oldfleet flung out of the galley flat to commiserate with his raggie, the fo'c'stle lockerman.

Now came the suspense of waiting for the warrant to be read out. What would the old man give him? Would the Admiral approve it, or tell the Captain to increase it? The day wore on slowly—very slowly!

JUST before tea the misery ended . . . "Cleeaarr Lowwweerr Deck, All Hands Muster On The Fo'c'stle," was the pipe, and Dodger, under guard, now faced his shipmates. The removal of his cap ribbon was a blow to him, but he hoped his scowl was sufficient disguise to his feelings.

Then the "Jimmy" . . . "Ship's Company — Off Caps" . . . "All persons subject to this Act, who shall . . ." and so on to the end of one section of the Naval Discipline Act . . . followed by . . . the Warrant. "Whereas it has been represented to me by Lieutenant . . ." and the whole ghastly tragedy was out ". . . 30 days' detention . . . Given under my hand . . . Signed Captain . . ." "About turn, Prisoner and Escort. Quick March."

That was over, and Dodger was packing his kit preparatory to leaving for his "stretch," when he sensed a well-known quickening tempo in the life of the ship.

"What's the panic, 'Scran Bag'?" he flung at a messmate who was disappearing into the bowels of the asdic cabinet.

"A sub reported down the coast and we are duty destroyer. We'll be under way in a few minutes."

But the Chief Bosun's Mate had forestalled Dodger . . . "On deck, Oldfleet. You're lucky this time. We're off to sea and can't put you ashore. Join up with your part of ship."

The reprieved man needed no second bidding. He was up the ladder in a flash and joined the rest of the ship's company on the motor-boat's falls.

Venturous was no luckier than she had been on numerous such patrols, and a certain amount of gloom descended on everyone as she turned for home empty-handed.

Oldfleet, in a long-middle watch, had time to reflect on his imaginary ill-treatment, and his indignation against all authority increased until he became more than a nuisance to the rest of the port watch, and was told, in no gentle terms, to pipe down. He was in a murderous frame of mind as he left the gun deck at 0400. So wrapped up in his grievances had he become that he failed to appreciate the rising wind and the sea, which had got up considerably.

Landlubbers on seeing a destroyer in harbor are apt to wonder why they are considered dangerous ships in which to serve. But they are different propositions at sea. Never still for an instant, they twist and heave in all directions at once—never can one anticipate their next move correctly—and the motto when working in a seaway is: "One hand for yourself and one for the King."

It was a long, snaking, curling "greeny" which whipped round the motor-boat's davits, surged along the upper deck, and swept torpedo-tubes and searchlight platform.

Oldfleet had no chance. He felt the life-line torn from his hands, a searing pain as the guardrail snatched at his legs. He was sucked down, down, until his ears seemed at bursting point and the suffocation caused a near blackout.

He just managed to reach the surface, after tearing off most of the heavy clothes he was wearing, and looked round for the ship. But it was a dark night, and there was not a thing in sight.

HE was swimming for his life in a cold, angry sea, the elements all against him, and his chance of survival depending on the possibility of his being missed, and on the skill and luck of the Captain. Oldfleet thought of those risks, especially the latter. Although he was not universally popular at the time, small things, such as mixing it with the patrol, count for little when a man's life is in danger.

The captain of the gun realised what had happened, and quickly mustered the gun's crew, reporting to the bridge when he had ascertained that Oldfleet was missing. By the time the Captain was on the compass platform, brought up in a second by the urgency in the officer of the watch's voice, the ship was altering to an opposite course. It was almost twenty minutes, however, before a cry from the water was heard by the men on the upper deck. Straining their eyes ahead they glimpsed a figure in the water, picked out by the searchlight.

The men of Venturous still relate, move by move, the manner in which the Captain manoeuvred his ship that night; twisted and turned her in face of all the resistance of which a nasty sea is capable. Even so, it was a further ten minutes before Oldfleet was in distance of a heaving line flung to him by the "Buffer." But the cold and the buffeting were too much for the man in the water, and as he appeared to those on deck to be in reach of the lifebuoy he sank.

The Sub-Lieutenant was first over the side, and after a great struggle he had the seaman in a bowline with which he was soon hauled to the upper deck. He was quickly in blankets, and Venturous continued on her way.

. . . . . .

Discipline is discipline, and not even his unfortunate accident could excuse Oldfleet from carrying out the sentence imposed on him.

Two days later he was carrying his bag and hammock down the ladder to a waiting boat—on his way to detention quarters.

As he passed, the bosun's mate whispered: "Happy in the Service, Dodger?"

Oldfleet paused on a tread of the ladder, looked his shipmate in the eye, and retorted firmly: "They're not all pigs, Dutchy!"

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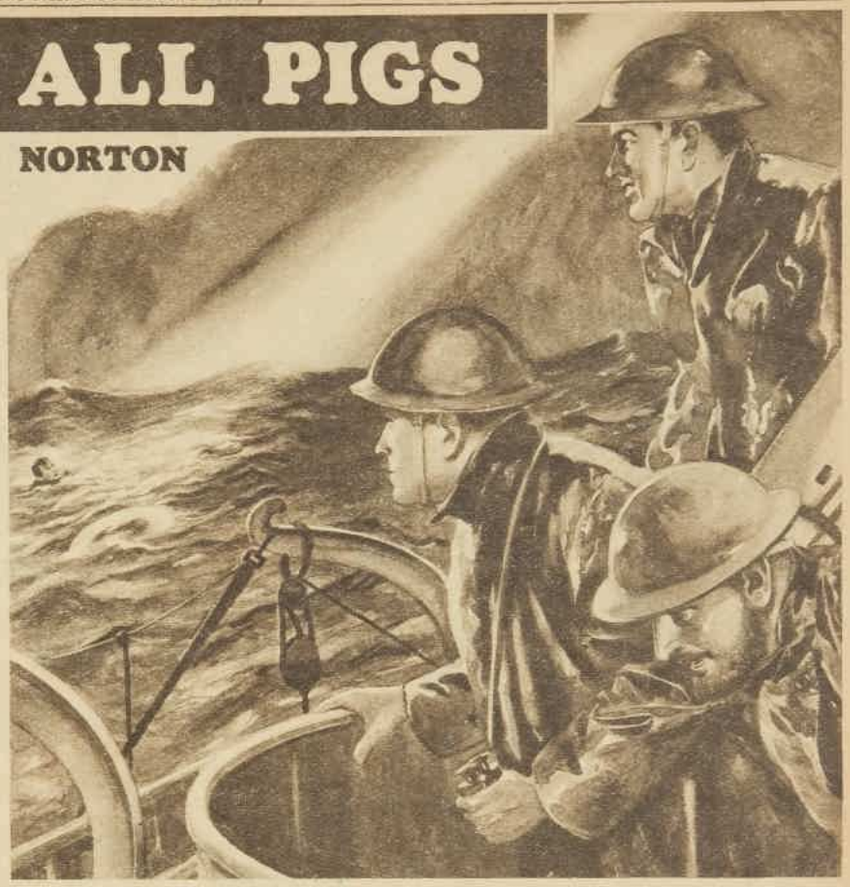

Straining their eyes ahead, they glimpsed a figure in the water.

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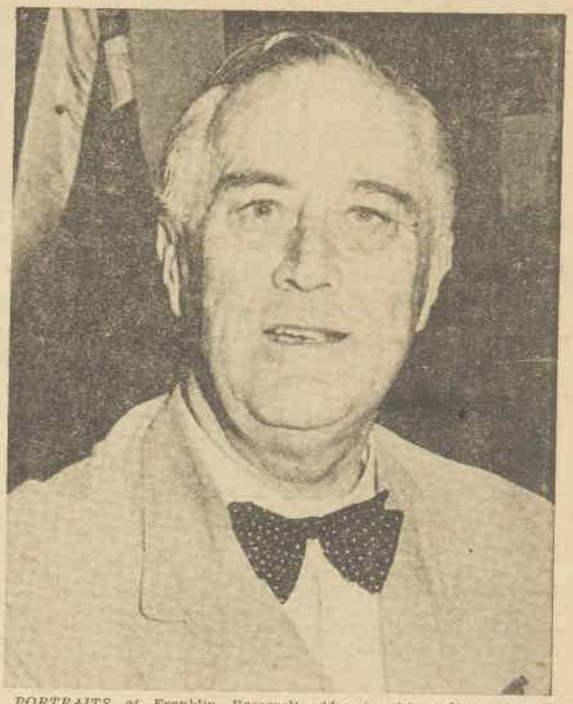
WORLD MOURNS AMERICA'S GREAT LEADER

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT on the porch of his country home with Mrs. Roosevelt and their daughter, Mrs. Anne Boettiger, his unofficial private secretary, who accompanied him to the Yalta conference.

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT and Winston Churchill at the Yalta conference, in the Crimea, where they conferred with Joseph Stalin on the final defeat of Germany and post-war plans for Europe.



PORTRAITS of Franklin Roosevelt addressing his audience during his many broadcasts made his fine face familiar to the entire world.

Courage and ideals of Franklin Roosevelt inspired all nations

With the death of President Roosevelt, democracy has lost one of its ablest champions, the Allies a brilliant civilian-general, and the world one of the finest statesmen of all time.

His loss is deepest to 135,000,000 Americans—his main legatees—to whom he leaves a peace, which, had he lived a little longer, he might have personally presented to them.

HAPPY PICTURE of the President with two of his grandsons. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt had five children and twelve grandchildren.

HAD Roosevelt heeded the advice of his doctors and given his tired, sick body the rest it needed, he might have shared in the glory of peace.

Refusing a posting as "medically unfit," he remained at his post, and his name now shares equal pride of place with the humblest private on World War II Honors Roll.

On the eve of his election for Fourth Term, Roosevelt said he would prefer to retire, but added, "but if the people command me to continue in this office and in this war, I have as little right to withdraw as a soldier has to leave his post in the line."

His end came quietly at Warm Springs (Georgia), where he had gone for a brief rest.

The person who had done most to help him throughout his career and in his courageous battle with illness when infantile paralysis crippled him twenty-five years ago was not with him when he died.

But her message to her children was typical of Mrs. Roosevelt's own courage:

"The President slipped away this afternoon. He did his job to the end, as he would want you to do."

America's leader through twelve of its most momentous years, Roosevelt has lived, fought, and died for democracy.

When once asked whether he did not feel jealous in reading how dictators simply issued orders, Roosevelt laughed and said:

"I jealous? I would be bored by being a dictator! I enjoy a good fight with Congress."

In his last speech to Congress on April 1, after Yalta, Roosevelt warned Congress that it had in its hands the power to decide whether the Big Three conference had been successful.

"The United States now exerts a vast influence for world peace. It will thus continue only if it is willing to share the responsibility for keeping the peace. It would be our own tragic loss if we shirked that responsibility."

FALA, the President's Scotch terrier, who accompanied him to all conferences, slept on the carpet in the President's room.

It was fitting that when Roosevelt came to Congress for this speech, he came to one of his greatest triumphs.

Members of both Houses, the Cabinet, and the Diplomatic Corps crowded the floor of the House of Representatives.

Friends and relatives had come so that they would be able to tell their grandchildren they had been present on this great occasion.

Wheeled in in his little wooden wheel-chair, Roosevelt slid into his special seat, then began his speech.

When the homely, well-loved voice stopped, the entire House rose to its feet and gave its President the greatest ovation ever accorded a President of the United States.

Born in 1882, Franklin Roosevelt began his political career in 1910.

Shortly after his nomination as Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1920 at the age of 40, he was stricken with infantile paralysis.

Most men at that age would have been finished, but not Roosevelt. He was immobilised for two years, but with the aid of crutches and sheer grit resumed his political career.

He guided his country safely through the depression in his first term, and as early as 1936 took steps to establish diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union.

In 1536 he was re-elected for a second term, and in 1940 he broke precedent by being the first President of the United States to be elected for a third term.

America's vast help to the Allies was made official when he established Lend-Lease Administration in 1941. At the end of that year his country was at war and Democracy's fight became America's also.

Under his able administration American industrial production was geared to full pitch, and America's Army, Navy, and Air Force were fighting on every front.

Roosevelt planned the war at meetings with the Allied leaders, and later at Dumbarton Oaks and Yalta planned the triumphant peace.

Roosevelt is survived by a wife, five children, and twelve grandchildren.

Kindly, sympathetic, with a vital personality matching that of her husband, the First Lady has also won for herself throughout the world the title of First Feminine Ambassador of America.

The four Roosevelt sons are all serving with the Armed Forces.

Colonel James Roosevelt, Marine Corps, was awarded the Navy Cross for his part in the raid on Makin Island in 1942; Colonel Elliott Roosevelt, U.S. Army Air Force, was awarded the D.F.C. for aerial photographic reconnaissance; Lieut.-Commander Franklin D. Roosevelt, jun., U.S. Navy, won the Silver Star at Palermo and the Purple Heart for wounds received in action; and Lieutenant John Roosevelt is also serving with the Navy.

Our covers . . . two world figures

Our cover this week is the first color photograph for which Britain's great wartime leader, Winston Churchill, ever posed.

Next week's cover will be a color portrait of the late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

THE photograph of President Roosevelt has probably been reproduced more often than any other contemporary photograph. The American Government has used it on official posters, especially on those distributed in liberated and Allied countries.

It has been used with captions in many languages — Icelandic, Chinese, French, Italian, German.

Bob Leavitt, the photographer, tells us that Britain's Prime Minister was a co-operative subject.

"Mr. Churchill shuffled into the room where I was waiting and shook hands with me. He pulled his watch from his pocket and said, 'I'm sorry, I can give you only three minutes. Can you do it?' I assured him I could.

"His eyes, I'd been told, were sensitive to strong light, and I'd been requested to make it as quick and easy as possible for him. I rapid-fired three pictures, and the lights seemed to be bothering him.

"He said, 'I guess you have enough now. Oh, you want more?' For I had the holder ready to slap into the camera.

"I told him I'd appreciate another, and he said, 'Go ahead, then.'

"I was able to take four pictures in two minutes.

"Mr. Churchill showed considerable interest in the mechanics of the job. 'Does that light up there go off when the other one does?' he asked. I said it did.

" 'Don't you have to look through the back of the camera every time you make a picture?'

" 'No,' I said, 'if you keep quiet and don't move round.'

" 'I'll be still,' he answered.

"The trade-mark cigar was absent. For once he had none. Just as well, too, for the tip probably would have been an off-focus problem necessitating a semi-profile, which I didn't want.

"But the awryness of the tie and the well-starched collar were just as characteristic. I'd noticed their disarrangement, but thought them too good a touch to correct."

Leavitt has had considerable experience in making photographic portraits of public figures.

"Big men are easy to work with," Leavitt observes. "Only the little, self-important fellows make a photographer's work hard."

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Editorial

APRIL 28, 1945

PASSING OF A GREAT MAN

A GREAT man has passed from the earth.

The death of President Roosevelt shocked the public in British countries as deeply as it did the people of America.

He was a world figure.

His personality had enormous force. He met on equal terms the towering characters of Churchill and of Stalin.

The Big Three is no more.

It is sad that President Roosevelt could not live to see the victory the deliberations of the Big Three had planned and worked for.

But he died with the assurance that victory was in the Allies' grasp.

His task in guiding America toward and through the war was a colossal one.

That it should have been carried out by a victim of infantile paralysis, who could not walk without assistance, is one of the wonders of history.

His opponents said that Roosevelt's health would not stand up to a fourth term.

To refute them, he did a gruelling tour of New York in an open car in the pouring rain.

The event has proved that they were right and he was wrong.

Yet it was better that he should have carried on and died in harness.

The war is not yet over, but its worst rigors and agonies are past.

President Roosevelt fulfilled his great task.

He threw the might of America into the democracies' battle, and played an indispensable part in the coming victory.

War-front close-ups of celebrities

"Monty" is austere and cold as steel

His Majesty the King, Mr. Churchill, "Monty," Vivien Leigh, Ernest Hemingway, Gracie Fields . . . these are some of the celebrities whom Wing-Commander John Watson, of Sydney, met while on the staff of Air-Marshal Coningham, Commander of the R.A.F. 2nd Tactical Air Force.

In the following article he tells some anecdotes and impressions of them.

W/Cdr. Watson, who served with the Air-Marshal in the desert campaigns from before El Alamein through to Tunis, then in Sicily, Italy and Normandy, is now on special duty with the R.A.F. in Australia.

By W/CDR. J. A. WATSON

W/CDR. J. A. WATSON (left) with Gracie Fields on Syracuse airfield in Sicily. At right is F/Lt. Croft, R.A.F., officer in charge of the airfield.

I MET many notable people in my four years abroad, and I think one of the most stirring meetings of all was that with Montgomery on October 23, 1942.

Word was received that he wished to address all war correspondents at noon. I had to take them to the General's special conference tent, pitched among the sandhills on the coast near the Alamein line.

We all knew something big was pending, and everyone was alert when the General stepped inside and told us concisely how the Eighth Army had been re-equipped, reinforced, thoroughly trained, and was ready for action.

Then, with just a suspicion of the dramatic, "Monty" said: "And now, gentlemen, here is the news you have all been waiting to hear. The battle commences at 10 o'clock to-night."

I felt that I had been listening to a man of destiny.

He is a clear-cut personality. His sharp, prominent nose is set between sunken cheeks. His eyes are steely bright, and to me they appeared completely ruthless.

Every word was clipped and curt. When he did smile, it was scarcely perceptible, and had no warmth.

But you felt that this grim, austere man was one whose every thought was concentrated on defeating the Germans.

You just couldn't believe that he would leave the slightest loophole that would lead to failure.

Afterwards I saw Montgomery many times, right up to the borders of Germany, and always he had that quality of cold, efficient steel.

Two years after I first met Montgomery, a remarkable man interrogated me closely about those Alamein days.

He was Ernest Hemingway, the celebrated American author of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and "Farewell To Arms."

He was in London shortly before the invasion of Normandy, and was doing a series of articles about the R.A.F. for "Collier's."

I was struck by his extreme modesty and sincerity.

As he was wearing a great beard (because of some skin trouble which prevented him from shaving), and is a giant, about 6ft. 3in. tall and 18 stone weight, London was aware of him and sought his society.

But Ernest had no desire to be lionised, and preferred to get on to the airfields and meet pilots and "erks" (groundstaff), and when possible to fly on operations.

When he returned after such trips he would adjourn to his suite at the Dorchester and, as he said, "sweat it out."

In other words, he would write his article. Several times I called on him while he was writing. Invariably he was dressed in a lumberjacket and pyjama trousers.

He used to say: "John, this is hell. I'm the world's slowest writer, and I've another 10,000 words to do before next Friday."

It was back in desert days that I first saw Mr. Churchill. It was February, 1943, when he came to review the Eighth Army in Tripoli.

As Churchill stepped out of the plane, and Montgomery put out his hand, Churchill warmly shook "Monty's" hand with both of his own, his face beaming with pleasure.

It was like a genial schoolmaster welcoming a favorite pupil who had achieved a great success.

I got quite a shock at Mr. Churchill's pink, soft complexion, smooth and plump as a baby's, for it was in such contrast to the desert-brown skins of those round him.

But, in spite of that baby complexion, everything about him—his hunched shoulders, stance of a fighter, walk, and expression—gave the impression of a fighter.

King's visit

SIX months later the King visited North Africa to review the victorious Allied armies.

After visiting various Army units the King was the guest of Air-Marshal Coningham.

Air headquarters were then situated in a tiny French village called Nammamet, at the foot of the Cape Bon Peninsula.

The Air-Marshal occupied a Moorish villa with a terrace facing the sea.

The night the King stayed there, a special performance was given by the E.N.S.A. party, which was then playing in Tunis. In the party were Leslie Henson, Vivien Leigh, Dorothy Dixon, and others.

Although the Axis still occupied Pantelleria Island, which was less than 50 miles away, R.A.F. electricians had rigged up spotlights which shone on to the white arched pillars of the terrace.

Leslie Henson opened the show by saying: "What a nice blackout you have here," and followed it with: "Well, here we are in Albania."

Then he said to the King: "I think, Your Majesty, the last time I appeared before you was with the Navy at Scapa Flow?"

The King smiled and nodded. Then Henson put one hand to the side of his mouth and "whispered" to the King: "I think the food is better here, don't you?"

Vivien Leigh enchanted everyone. She is tiny, with a most attractive figure and a strong personality.

She was dressed in black, the top of her dress of some lacy material, and I think the technical term for the style is "strapless."

I wish that my friend, Cecil Beaton, the London photographer and artist, could have been present to capture that scene.

I met Beaton about nine months before, when he visited the desert to do series of the Army and R.A.F.

He is an extremely interesting man, slow-speaking, and with the detached expression often found in artistic people.

He concentrates on the subject and setting for his pictures, whether it be the Queen of Persia or an airman's legs sticking out from under a truck.

It was in very different circumstances that I later met two other stage celebrities, Diana Wynyard and Ivor Novello.

That was in Normandy last August during the battle of the Falaise Gap.

They appeared in the late afternoon on an improvised stage in "Love From a Stranger."

The artists had a job to make themselves heard, for every few minutes large formations of Spitfires and Typhoons roared overhead.

Afterwards Diana Wynyard told me that it was the hardest performance she had ever given.

Another delightful person I met was Gracie Fields.

We met on an airfield in Sicily, just after she had flown from North Africa in a Dakota transport.

Though very tired and hot, she volunteered to sing to the airmen on the field right away.

With a tremendous smile and "Hullo, lads," she began a half-hour entertainment.

I have never seen anyone who gave out so much vitality.

One felt that it would be drained dry before she half completed her tour of the front.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

INTERESTING PEOPLE

MAJ.-GEN. PAKENHAM-WALSH

. . . British Army supplies

RESPONSIBLE for all equipment—clothing, boots, medical supplies—for British troops in greater part of Africa, Middle East, India, Persia, and Iraq, Major - General R. P. Pakenham-Walsh, Controller-General, Army Provisions, Eastern Group, is visiting Australia for official discussions on supply problems. At outbreak of war was Engineer-in-Chief, British Army in France. Was wounded at Dunkirk. Visited Australia in 1943 with British Supply Mission. Was formerly on staff of Duntroon Military College.

THIRD-OFFICER C. SCHOFIELD

. . . films for Royal Navy

IN Australia with Royal Navy, W.R.N.S. Third-Officer Constance Schofield is assistant to Fleet Film Officer. Is in charge of film library being established to supply recreational and instructional films and equipment to ships of British Pacific Fleet. She is a fully qualified cinematograph operator. Was formerly stationed at Portsmouth in charge of "stock shot" film library. Noel Coward chose shots from this library for his picture, "In Which We Serve."

CDR. J. K. WALTON

. . . minesweeping flotilla

OFFICER in command of 22nd Minesweeping Flotilla of Australian-built and manned corvettes is Commander James K. Walton, R.A.N., of Western Australia. Received command in 1944, and worked with British Fleet in Indian Ocean. Is graduate of Royal Australian Naval College. Has served in H.M.A.S. Canberra and H.M.A.S. Perth. Was mentioned in despatches for work in H.M.A.S. Hobart in Java Sea convoys. Wears Palestine General Service Medal.

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FORMER FARM BOY NEW U.S. PRESIDENT

NEW PRESIDENT. Reared on a farm in Missouri, Harry Shippe Truman, farmer, lawyer, judge, and Senator, now is America's leader. Since 1941 he has been called the "watchdog" of America's industrial mobilisation for war. He describes himself as "just a farm boy."

MILITARY SERVICE. During World War I, Harry Truman rose from private to rank of captain in U.S. Army.

PROUD MOTHER. Ninety-two-year-old Mrs. Truman, the President's mother, whom he calls "Mamma" or "Boss," said: "I knew when he was nine my boy would amount to something."

BOYHOOD PICTURE of the President, who earned three dollars a week for his first job when he was ten.

THE man whose mother said he could plough the straightest row of corn in the county when he was nine, and who saved the U.S. war programme more than a billion dollars during the last three years, is now President of the United States.

Harry Shippe Truman, 60, has moved from his old-fashioned Middle Western home in Independence, Missouri, to the most important house in America—The White House, Washington, D.C.

With him goes his wife, who was Bess Wallace, his childhood sweetheart whom he married in 1919, and their only child—their daughter Mary Margaret.

The President is inclined to be reticent about himself.

He wrote his own biography for the Congressional Directory. It took up only three lines of fine print.

He is not handsome, but has a pleasant face. His grey hair is rapidly thinning, and he wears horn-rimmed glasses which give him an ingenuous air.

Typical of the American middle-class family man, Mr. Truman, a Baptist, enjoys a simple home life. He plays the piano and likes to accompany his daughter when she sings. Chopin is his favorite composer. Poker is a hobby, and his favorite victims are those who think the President is as harmless as he looks.

His first job brought him three dollars a week when he was ten, and after being a bank clerk later for some years, he returned to his father's farm.

In 1922 he was elected a County Judge, and in 1934 was elected to Congress as a Senator.

As head of the Truman Committee Investigating the National Defence Programme, which has dealt with billions of dollars in its endeavor to stop war waste, the new President remarked recently:

"We have saved much money by stopping faulty equipment, but we also have saved thousands of our men's lives.

"One young man is worth more than all the billions of dollars."

FAMILY LIFE of the Trumans has been spent in their old-fashioned wooden house in Independence, Missouri. This picture shows the President with his wife, Bess, and daughter, Mary Margaret.

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What's on your mind?

More unity to solve our worries

WOMEN must unite to discuss their problems and thus educate themselves and one another. Mothers should be able to answer their children's queries intelligently now that Father is perhaps a long way away.

Practical politics can be learned without joining a party. Many women have been shy of politics in the past, but they must wake up and learn.

There is always some avenue open in a district for women to get together.

There is the school committee, the local progress association, or the political party to which a woman may be attracted.

So many women say "This ought to be done," or "Someone should do something," but why will they not be the "Someone"?

Women have a vote, and they must learn to think wisely for the benefit of the nation, which is composed of just us, our menfolk, and our children.

£1 to Eileen Monohan, 10 Acton Cottages, Canberra, A.C.T.

Adopt metric system

IN our post-war reconstruction, why don't we abolish our present weight and measure plan and adopt the metric system? Teachers estimate that it would save a child at least one year at school by abolishing fractions alone and using decimal points. Take this problem: Convert 11 pints 3 gills into gallons. That takes time, but to convert 6479 cubic centimetres into litres one needs only to place a decimal point, 6.479.

5/- to E. M. Peacock, Box 2, Koondrook, Vic.

Many spoilt children

WHY are there so many spoilt children? To me it is a reflection on the parents.

It may be due to war strain, but during my long life I have never come in contact with so many unmanageable children who destroy property and make the home a place of misery as I find to-day.

Parents who pet a child one minute and spank it the next usually are the source of the trouble. Instead of condemning children, mothers should reflect that a calm, well-balanced parent will make the home pleasant, with obedient children.

5/- to Mrs. A. Dempsey, 67 Kingsclere Rd., Alexandria, N.S.W.

Enjoy homely title

I WONDER why so many women of middle age dislike being called "Mum." I work where there are a lot of soldiers, and they often call me "Mum." To them it has a homely sound, and I much prefer it to "Hi, Babe," or something equally frivolous.

We should take the good old-fashioned "Mum" as a compliment, and grow old gracefully.

5/- to Mrs. D. Blair, Joseph St., Margate, via Redcliffe, Qld.

Provide more needles

NOW there is plenty of knitting wool available at the stores we find that we can't buy knitting needles.

I visited four big drapery stores for the needles I required, but was told at each store they had no needles at all.

What is the use of providing wool if we are unable to make it up into clothes for the forthcoming winter?

5/- to Miss J. Hodson, Campbell St., Newbridge, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Modernise fairy tales

WE are being told continually that modern children despise fairy stories.

There are so many marvels in our modern world—radio, aeroplanes, submarines, the cinema — that flying carpets and genii popping out of bottles can hardly be expected to arouse a child's wonder. Perhaps the old stories should be brought up to date to suit the twentieth-century child.

5/- to Mrs. A. Braddon, 42 Huntley's Rd., Gladesville, N.S.W.

Use British name

ONE good thing the war has taught us is the wonderful value in a British name. Before the war women in business seemed to think that a foreign name was more fashionable than their own, with the result that we found beauty salons, hairdressing establishments, and dressmaking and millinery shops being conducted under foreign names.

Now proprietors realise that Australians prefer to trade with their own countrymen.

5/- to Grace Jewell, 6 Liguria St., Cooges, N.S.W.

Help young teachers

WORKING among a number of girls soon shows how many are being lost to the teaching profession because of the unsatisfactory system of training and long period of country service.

These girls really want to teach, and many of them have the instincts and qualities which make the inspiring teacher.

However, in the face of the discouragement received from families and from qualified teachers, they abandon the idea and half-heartedly turn their energies to office-work.

No wonder we are short of teachers.

5/- to Miss M. Johnston, 77 Toorongs Rd., Hawthorn E3, Vic.

Handy-men needed

THERE must be many cases of hardship where a young wife whose husband is away on service has the problem of keeping the grass down, repairing the fence, and so on.

Could it not be possible to have a men's help organisation where men would be notified to do these

jobs? They are not over-arduous even to a man past Service age, but to women they present another burden to their already overworked lives.

5/- to Miss M. Gunter, 34 Carlton Cres., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

Teach more facts about rural life

VISITORS to our farm are chiefly young people from the city. It amazes me how little they know about rural life, especially the animal kingdom.

We need unity between city and country people to achieve a better general knowledge of each other's conditions.

Could some information club be formed, to which a child could write asking questions which suggest themselves to an inquiring mind? A few questions which I am asked continually are: "When does a cow give milk?" "How many little pigs does a sow have in a litter?" "How far can I canter the pony before I give him a rest?" "Could you get 1lb. of butter from a cow in a day or in a week?"

Children are anxious to learn. Can't we help them?

5/- to Mrs. M. Thomas, Alfredtown Post Bag, via Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

One-room flats

FOR many years countless people, especially single men and women in the city and suburbs, have been "one-room flatters" and have lived, cooked, and slept in the one room without any fuss having been made about it.

It seems illogical that a ban is being put on cooking in a room used for sleeping at a time when there is such an acute shortage of accommodation of any kind.

The enforcing of such a rule must cause hardship and loss to many people who are struggling to live decently on limited means.

5/- to Miss B. White, Flat 3, 62 Cook Rd., Centennial Park, N.S.W.

Continuing . . . Pastoral

from page 3

THE pilot said: "Marshall, What's yours?"

"Ellison." They lit cigarettes. Ellison exhaled a long grey cloud. "We had a fox shoot last month. The woods are stiff with foxes. I tell you, I could guarantee to take you and show you a fox and a badger both within a quarter of an hour."

The pilot, fifty miles from London, stared at him incredulously. "Bet you couldn't."

"Bet you ten bob I could. What about it?"

"It's a bet. What do we have to do?"

"Let's get this straight," said Mr. Ellison. "If I show you a wild fox and a wild badger within a quarter of an hour, you give me ten bob. And if I don't, I give you ten bob."

"That's right," said Marshall. "What do we do?"

"We meet in Hartley market-place, by the cross, at four o'clock in the morning."

"Christmas," said the pilot. "All right. But it's pitch dark till seven."

"That's right—that's what we want. Come on your bike. If either doesn't turn up, he loses the ten bob."

They discussed the detail of their plan and drank another beer or two; then it was closing time.

. . . . . .

Marshall was out next morning at dispersal soon after nine. Gunnar was there already, preparing to start up; the ground crew were plugging in the battery. Marshall walked up and inspected the fabric patches on the fuselage, still red with dope. His rear-gunner joined him.

"Come up nice and tight, haven't they?" he said. "It's the dry weather does it."

Marshall straightened up. "They want a lick of paint now. We don't want to go round like that." He liked things to be neat and tidy and good-looking, like that section-officer.

Sergeant Phillips said: "I'll get hold of some paint and give them a lick this afternoon, after we come in."

His captain said: "Hear about my pike?"

The sergeant grinned: "Aye. The young lady I took out last night, she saw you riding into camp with it. How much did it weigh?"

"Eleven and a quarter pounds."

"My young lady, she was just coming off duty in the signals office. She said they didn't half have a good laugh to see you riding with it on your handle-bars."

"They'd laugh louder if you did that with a roach," said the pilot.

Sergeant-Pilot Franck came up to them. "I have been thinking about what you say yesterday," he said. "It is I that should tell you how to weave. Right weave . . . Left weave . . . So. If every time you weave exactly in the same way, then we run up for ver' short time."

"All right if I could weave the same each time. I think you'll find I go thirty degrees one way and fifty the other."

"If you were German," said the Dane severely, "you would always weave the same."

"If I was a German," said the pilot equably, "I'd be flying a Heinkel and kicking you because you didn't say 'Heil Hitler' before you spoke. All right, let's have a crack at it that way, and see how it goes." He turned round to the crew of four, gathered round him in their flying kit.

"We're going to practise a few run-ups this morning, taking the gasometer at Princes Risborough as the target. Eight thousand feet." He turned to the wireless operator, a pale-faced lad. "Leech, you can do the navigation, and Phillips, you can help him if he gets it wrong." He did all he could to ensure that everybody understood the wireless and the navigation and the guns.

They took off presently, and went climbing away into the distance. It was nearly two hours later when they landed back again, taxied in, and wheeled round into the wind at the dispersal point with a grinding squeal of brakes. In turn the engines died and came to rest.

Marshall stood up beside Gunnar, who had landed the machine, with Sergeant Phillips' notebook in his hand. "Take out runs three and seven, when you weren't on," he said. "The rest go fifty-two seconds, fifty-four, forty-four, forty-four, forty-one, forty-five, thirty-nine, forty-two, thirty-nine. It's not bad."

They discussed their practice for a few minutes, standing crouched and cramped beside the pilot's seat. Then they got out of the machine down on to the concrete beneath the nose, slipped off their harness, and stretched their cramped limbs. The corporal fitter went into a huddle with Sergeant-Pilot Franck over the engine temperatures and pressures.

Marshall turned to the fuselage and had another look at the patches. Sergeant Phillips walked up and joined him.

"Nice and tight," the sergeant said. "I'll get a drop of paint this afternoon."

The pilot nodded. "When you spoke of your young lady, that saw me with that fish—did you say she was a signaller?"

"Telephonist," the other said. "Works on the board all day."

"Does she come under that Section-Officer Robertson?"

"That's right. A new section-officer with black hair."

CHOOSING his words carefully, Marshall said: "I knew a flying-officer called Robertson at my last station, who had a sister called Sheila who was a W.A.A.F. section-officer. I was wondering if this was her. Ask your young lady if she knows her Christian name, will you?" He spoke with elaborate carelessness that did not deceive the sergeant for one moment.

Phillips said: "Oh aye, I'll find that out for you."

The pilot said: "Thanks. It was just an idea I had." He left the machine and, carrying his parachute and harness, walked down to the control office.

Half an hour later he was in the mess with a pint of beer. The ante-room gradually filled before lunch. The wing-commander came in, and Marshall crossed the room to him, beer can in hand.

"May I go off the station at four o'clock to-morrow morning, sir?" he said. "I'll be back before breakfast."

"What for?"

Marshall grinned: "I met a chap in the 'Black Horse' last night who said he'd take me to see a fox. A fox and a badger, both within a quarter of an hour. I've got a bet on that he can't."

The squadron-leader (Admin.), a grey-haired man called Chesterton, with wings from the last war, laughed sharply. "Lady in to fox?" he said.

The pilot flushed a little. "No sir. Honest-to-goodness fox—beast what smells." There was general laughter in the group.

The C.O. said: "Smell him when he comes back, Chesterton; let me know if it's fox or perfume."

The laugh grew loud. Section-Officer Robertson turned to see what it was all about. She saw Marshall talking to the wing-commander in the centre of a laughing group. She thought that it was something to do with the pike, the pike that she was to have a bit of for her lunch. She drew near, smiling at their mirth without understanding it, wanting to know what was going on.

The C.O. said: "A badger and a fox? Where are you going for that?"

"I don't know—somewhere in the woods. It's got to be before dawn. I said I'd meet him in Hartley at four o'clock—if that's all right with you, sir."

"It's all right with me. Better go to bed early, or else get in some sleep to-morrow. We may be on the job to-morrow night."

"Thank you, sir."

Chesterton said: "I'll have the guard warned that you'll be going out."

The pilot turned away, and found himself face to face with Miss Robertson. She said: "Did you say you were going to see a badger?" There was a quality of breathless interest in her voice.

MARSHALL glanced down at her face turned up to his. In one fleeting moment in the crowded ante-room he saw the color in her cheeks, her parted lips, her eyes bright and sparkling. "She's beautiful," he told himself, then withdrew his glance quickly, because of the crowd about them.

"I don't know," he said casually. "A chap I met said he'd show me one."

There was a little pause. Slowly the animation died out of her face. "It'll be awfully interesting," she said. Queerly, it seemed to Marshall that she was disappointed about something, or depressed. Perhaps her boy-friend was giving her the run around. If that were so, it was a shame. She was a nice kid.

"I didn't forget about that bit of pike," he said kindly. "I told them in the kitchen, and I told them to give Ma Stevens a bit, too."

She said: "You're sure you can spare it?"

He said: "Lady, I eats hearty, but not eleven and a quarter pounds."

She laughed: "I suppose not."

He moved away from her, though he would rather have stayed talking to her and have taken her into lunch, in the hope of seeing her look again as she had looked when she spoke about the badger. He had lived in a mess too long to risk being seen to talk much with one W.A.A.F. officer.

In a society predominantly masculine with just a few young women, gossip ran rife. Marshall had caused embarrassment to too many young men from time to time to risk himself as target. He went in to lunch with Pat Johnson, choosing strategically a seat that gave him a view of Section-Officer Robertson eating pike, twenty feet away.

He was relieved to notice that she ate it all, in happy distinction to Mr. Johnson, who took one mouthful, put it out again, said a rude word, and went and fetched himself a plate of beef.

Please turn to page 15

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

ALTHOUGH the days are fairly evenly matched now in an astrological sense there is every likelihood of a predominance of good fortune for most Taurians, Capricornians, and Virgoans.

Cancerians and Pisceans should also benefit, and all these groups should work to attain promotion or desired goals.

For Scorpions, however, the stars predict danger of loss, partings, opposition, and unwanted changes, and Aquarians and Leonians may find obstruction, delays, worries, upsets, and discord.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Routine best now, but consolidate recent gains. April 25 and 26 poor, but April 30 (to noon) and May 1 (except near sunrise and mid-evening) fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Work hard now. Seek promotions, changes, gains. Success possible, especially on April 24 (forenoon good, afternoon fair), April 25 (forenoon to sunset) helpful. April 26 to 29 poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): An unspectacular week for most Geminians, though April 25 (from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.) and April 28 (evening only) both fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Affairs improve somewhat now, yet do not be rash on April 24 (evening), 25, or 26 (worst). However, April 27 (to dusk) fair; evening poor. April 28 good, and April 29 (midday) fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be very wary now, for discord, worries, delays, and difficulties predominate, especially on April 26, 27, 28, and 29. Keep strictly to routine matters.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Keep busy. The present weeks favor you. Seek changes, advancement, gains, favors, happiness and friends, especially on April 24 (evening poor, morning excellent), April 25 (fair), April 27 (dusk good; later poor), April 28 and 29.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Recent difficulties ease off now, but avoid overconfidence. April 28 (from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.) very fair, April 28 (near sunrise and dusk) fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Beware pitfalls, changes, discord, opposition, upsets, partings, and losses now. Live quietly, especially on April 24 (dawn and evening), April 26 (to noon), April 27, 28, and 29.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): A week for routine tasks; yet April 30 (to noon) and May 1 (from 7 to 9 a.m.) fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Seek promotion, gains, favors, changes, and happiness now. April 24, morning excellent; evening poor. April 26 poor, April 27 (dusk) good, then poor. April 28 (sunrise, dusk, and midnight) good. April 29 and 30 fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Be guarded; annoyances, difficulties, upsets, worries, and discord possible, especially on April 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30 (near sunset), or May 1 (early morning). Routine work advised.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): A mixed week. April 24 and 30, and May 1 rather tricky. But April 27 (dusk) and April 28 (sunrise, dusk, and midnight) very helpful.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Were lured to Kord Key, West Indies isle of "walking dead," by
BARON KORD: A sinister man, who wants to marry Narda. He imprisons Mandrake and Lothar in a tiny cell without water and plans to turn them into "kordies" (walking dead) by giving them liquid, lowered into the cell. Lothar wants to drink it, but Narda shouts a warning outside the cell. Kord catches her and as punishment tells her she must spend a night in the Kordie Corral.

NOW READ ON

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"So long, Sis..and don't forget.. We're depending on You!"

The fighting soldier knows how greatly he depends on the magnificent work of the A.W.A.S. and A.A.M.W.S. Let no one persuade you that it is too late to enlist. The need is great—and the opportunities you are offered are as great as at any time since the war began. The scope offered to women and girls in military service is greatly extended — and the advantages offered are even more attractive than before.

The war position as it affects Australia is such that both the A.W.A.S. and the A.A.M.W.S. must be kept at full strength, and reinforcements must be provided without delay. Here, then, is your opportunity to serve Australia and to assure for yourself an interesting army career under particularly attractive circumstances.

JOIN THE A.W.A.S

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S ARMY SERVICE

OR A.A.M.W.S.

AUSTRALIAN ARMY MEDICAL WOMEN'S SERVICE

★ *Apply for details to the nearest Army Women's Recruiting Depot or your local Area Office. You'll like the life—and you'll be serving shoulder to shoulder with Australia's finest girls.*

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Well-loved general mourned by his men

Men who served under Major-General Vasey, and had grown to respect him as a man and admire him as a soldier, were deeply moved by the memorial service to him, held in the North.

One of these men, R. A. Mack, describes this service in a letter to his mother, Mrs. A. Mack, 11 Rosella St., Payneham, S.A.:

"ON Sunday I attended the memorial service to Major-General Vasey," he writes.

"The regiment paraded with the brigade to which we are attached, at 8.30 a.m.

"As it was a hot, sultry morning we were soon conscious of the perspiration trickling down our bodies, and were sincerely glad when the long procession of infantry and artillerymen moved off to the music of several battalion bands.

"It was a sight that would have gladdened the heart of the gallant soldier in whose memory we were assembled.

"The service was held at a boxing stadium, and we had about one and a half miles to march before reaching our destination.

"The stadium consists of the boxing ring, roofed over, in the bottom of a hollow surrounded on all sides by natural mounds. By the time we had seated ourselves on the grass the other two brigades were already in position.

"About half-past nine the high Army officers began to arrive, our present G.O.C., a major-general, a lieut.-general, many brigadiers, and also a number of Army sisters.

"The div.'s senior chaplain, Padre Redden, with another padre as assistant, arrived in their Church of England surplices.

"The service was due to start at 10 a.m. While we waited the various infantry bands played slow music. The pipe band of one battalion played sad, subdued airs.

"At last the padre took his place in the pulpit which had been erected, and the service started. It was very impressive to hear the responses from thousands of voices.

"I don't think that there ever was a military leader in the A.I.F. more well-loved by his men than General Vasey.

"How well I remember the scene on the Wayville Oval last leave when he arrived to inspect us before the Adelaide march. The boys gave a perfect 'Present' when the G.O.C. left his car, and as he walked through the ranks there was a gleam of sheer pride in his eyes.

"At Heidelberg, Victoria, he came to a Seventh Division dance and mixed freely with his boys, talking to them as man to man and dancing with the same girls, finally buying drinks for all.

"To return to the service. The chaplain's address was a masterpiece, spoken in a clear, sincere voice by one who had known the General intimately.

"After the last hymn one of the generals also said a few words, his voice quivering with emotion.

"The guard of honor, which had been standing with rifles reversed, came to the 'Present,' and four buglers played the sad, lingering notes of the Last Post.

"There was a minute's silence while thousands of men stood stiffly to attention, and a pin could have been heard drop. Then the bugles played Reveille."

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN CREW somewhere in the South-west Pacific. Back row, left to right: Gnrs. D. Randell, S.A.; A. Archer, N.S.W.; E. Williams, N.S.W.; J. Henry, N.S.W. Front row: Gnrs. A. Payne, N.S.W.; E. Finlayson, Qld.; C. O'Brien, N.S.W.; K. Byrnes, N.S.W.; and G. Daley, Qld.

THREE BROTHERS FROM WYNNUM, Central Queensland, F/O. L. C. Martin, F/Sgt. A. L. Martin, and F/O. O. F. Martin, trained and left Australia at different times, not knowing their destination. They found themselves posted to the same squadron of the R.A.F. Coastal Command. Photo sent by their sister, Mrs. M. Sands, Carlton Terrace, Manly, Qld.

Lieut. J. J. Dolan, R.A.N., to his sister, Mrs. C. Counihan, Ellaswood P.O., via Bairnsdale, Vic.:

"THE strangest thing on this ship is that there is no bathroom for the officers. Apparently English officers did not bathe or shower in the good old days of 1917, when she was built.

"In my cabin there is a fairly large shallow dish stowed underneath the bunk. With the bucket of water provided I fill up the wash-basin, stand in the dish, and 'go to town.' The slop over does not matter, because it is an iron deck in the cabin and dries quickly.

"Another way is to get a steward to fill a bucket of water to which is attached a string. Place it in a tin with holes punched in the bottom, then get all set, soap in hand, and pull the string. The bucket upsets, and you have a shower.

"We have to go like mad so as to get soaped over and washed down before the water runs out.

"Of course, if we drop the soap and it slithers along the iron deck, we have to choose between chasing it—whereby we lose a lot of water—or letting it go, whereby we retain a certain amount of dirt."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the Fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

BOOK OF LETTERS

ONE of the most human and moving books about Australians in battle is "The Boys Write Home," compiled by Adele Shelton Smith. It consists of letters printed in this section and read over station 2GB by Miss Goodie Reeve, in The Australian Women's Weekly session, and other letters not previously published.

In these letters the boys tell in their own inimitable way of their wartime adventures.

There is pathos and humor, and through it all the Australian serviceman's uncompromising realism. It is a magnificent record of Australia's part in the greatest conflict in history.

"The Boys Write Home" is obtainable for 2/9, post free, from the Publishing Department, Consolidated Press, Castlereagh St., Sydney.

Pastoral

Continued from page 12

MARSHALL watched Section-Officer Robertson covertly all through the meal, timing the progress of his lunch to synchronise with hers while talking to Humphries about accelerated take-offs. He followed her out into the ante-room for coffee. He asked her how she had liked the pike.

"I liked it," she replied. "It's different to most other fish."

"So Pat thought," he said. "He told the maid to give it to the cat, if the cat would have it."

"What a shame!"

"I'll go out this afternoon and try to get another," Marshall said.

She turned to him. "Mr. Marshall, do let me know what happens about your badger. You must be awfully well in with the country people here to get a chance like that."

He shook his head. "This chap sells motors."

She wrinkled up her forehead in perplexity. "Sells motors? But you have to know the country frightfully well to find a badger."

"I know that." He paused. "Anyway, it should be rather fun."

It was the second time that he had spoken to her about fun at Hartley aerodrome. She dropped her eyes. "Tell me about it when you come back," she said quietly.

"Okay," he said. "Lunch time to-morrow."

She took her coffee and crossed the room to a chair. Presently she got up, and went out to the signals office, and sat down at her bare deal table garnished with messages and signal forms in bulldog clips.

She was deeply disappointed. She knew country matters very well, but in all her experience of the country she had never seen a badger. This expedition in the moonlight night before the dawn was in her line exactly; she ached to be going out with Marshall.

That was not possible, of course. A good W.A.A.F. officer, mindful of the honor of the Service, did not get out of bed at four o'clock in the morning to go roaming in the moonlit woods with an officer from her station. She spent an appreciable portion of her time endeavoring to restrain her aircraft-women from that sort of thing, though it was true that none of them had ever thought to plead that they had a date with a badger.

She stared disconsolately at the signal-pad before her. The fault, she felt, in some way lay within herself. Hartley was a rotten station to be in, but there was fun to be got there, good country fun, if you knew your way about and had the wit to find it. Peter Marshall seemed to have a lovely time; the pike yesterday, and now this fox and badger in a quarter of an hour business.

All she had managed so far was to go for rides upon her bicycle and, since the country was flat and she came from the hills, she didn't think much of that.

It was a very quiet afternoon, with little flying in progress and nothing in particular happening. She took a little walk round her duties; passing the main telephone switchboard she looked in to see how LAW Smeed was getting on. LAW Smeed was sitting with headphones on her hair and microphone upon her chest eating her black-market sweets and knitting a jumper for her next leave. She slipped the knitting down beside her chair when her officer appeared in the doorway.

"Afternoon, Elsie," said Miss Robertson. "Let's see your book."

The girl handed her the log-book, written in pencil between ruled pencil columns; there were not many calls upon it. "Not very busy," said Miss Robertson.

"No, ma'am. Real slack it's been to-day."

THEY chatted for a few minutes about the work. Then LAW Smeed said: "Mind if I ask a question, ma'am?"

"What is it?" said Miss Robertson. She knew what it was likely to be; something to do with late leave, an attempt to short-circuit Flight-Officer Stevens.

Elsie said: "Your name's a funny one, isn't it, Miss Robertson? Some of the girls were having an argument."

The section-officer said: "Gervase. It's not a very common one."

"Gervase. I never knew anyone called that before. I think it's ever so nice. What's the other one, Miss Robertson—the L?"

"Laura. There are plenty of those about."

"I know ever so many Lauras," said the telephonist, "but I never met a Gervase before. I do think that's pretty. Are there many girls called Gervase where you come from?"

"I don't think so. I don't think it's a Yorkshire name particularly. Mother got it out of a book—Tennyson, or something."

The telephone buzzed, and put an end to further confidences. Miss Robertson went on with her round.

. . . . . .

Just before dinner that night, Marshall was called to the telephone.

"Marshall speaking," he said. "Who's that?"

"Sergeant Phillips here, sir. I don't think that section-officer can be the one you meant. What did you say her name was? The one that was the sister of the chap you know?"

What had he said? Cynthia? Sylvia? What on earth was it?

"Sylvia," he said. "It was just a thought I had, that it might be the same. What's this one called?"

"You said the name was Sheila this morning, Cap. I suppose he had two sisters in the W.A.A.F. But it's not the same family at all."

Marshall said very slowly and emphatically: "What—is—this—one—called?"

"Gervase, Cap. Uncommon sort of name." He spelled it out. "Gervase Laura. Did your friends live in Thirsk?"

Marshall said: "No, they lived near—er—Reading."

"Can't be the same, Cap. This one comes from Thirsk in the North Riding."

"Oh, well—thanks."

"Okay."

Marshall put down the receiver, conscious that he had had his leg pulled by the sergeant. Still, he had got the information that he wanted.

He came into the mess for breakfast next morning in high spirits. He had had a splendid expedition in the woods with Ellison, and had won ten shillings. For though Ellison had made good his boast of showing him both a badger and a fox, he had not done so within the prescribed time.

Marshall was lighting his pipe and reading the comic strip in his paper when the Tannoy sounded metallically above his head. All ranks were to remain within the camp till further notice. All crews of serviceable aircraft were to muster at their machines at 10.00.

Marshall passed by Pat Johnson on his way up to his room. Mr. Johnson said: "Did you go out this morning?"

Marshall nodded. "Saw the badger and the fox, but not in a quarter of an hour."

"Was it cold?"

"Awful."

"Must be crackers," said Mr. Johnson. "As if we don't get enough of running round in the dark."

"Where's it to be? Have you heard?"

The other shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know and I can't say that I care. It'll look just the same as all the others when we get there, laddie."

The morning passed in a routine of checking and testing the aircraft.

Marshall went into the ante-room for his beer before lunch. The adjutant came up to him sniffing pointedly and loudly. Marshall said, "Fox and badger, sir. Not a particle of perfume, more's the pity."

"Did you see them?"

He had to tell the story of the night, much aware of Section-Officer Robertson listening from across the room. He did not speak to her before lunch, but contrived to take his coffee from the urn immediately after her.

She said, "You saw them both, a badger and a fox?"

He nodded, smiling. "Not within the quarter of an hour. But we did see both—the badger first and then the fox."

"Where did you go?"

"Place called Kingslake Woods. I'd never been there before."

There was a short pause. Then she said, "You must be tired, aren't you?"

He grinned. "Sleep a bit this afternoon."

"I shall, too," she said. "I'm on to-night."

"Are you?" A thought came to him, sly and subtle and altogether bad. "Could you let me have the frequencies and D.F. stations? I like to get those in my mind before the briefing."

She had been operational for too short a time to know the idiosyncrasies of all the pilots. She said, "Of course. If you'd like to walk over to the office I'll give them to you now."

They left the mess together and went over to her little bare office. She read out to him the information that he wanted; he wrote it all down carefully in his notebook, asked a question or two, and slipped the book back in his pocket.

"Thanks awfully," he said. He paused, and then said rather shyly: "It was lovely in the woods this morning. Perishing cold, but it was awful fun."

The girl said, "I've never seen a badger, or even a badger's earth."

Elaborately casual, Marshall said, "I can show you this earth any time you like. Show you the badger, too, if you like to put your hand in and pull him out."

Please turn to page 23

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CHILD'S CRY: "WILL THEY BRING SOME

NINE-YEAR-OLD JOHN BRADLEY wears a tin hat given to him by an American. He is with his mother, Mrs. Noble Bradley. His father died in Manila a week after they were freed.

TEEN-AGE TRIO. Pat McDougall, 15 (left), June McDougall, 13, and Phillipa Kernot, 14, admire welcoming flowers. Pat made her frock in Santo Tomas.

LUNCH WITH GRANDMA. Three-year-old Janice Crabb with her grandmother (Mrs. J. S. Baker), Bondi, has lunch at her new miniature table.

Poignant stories of three years of suffering related by internees released from Manila

"Oh, mummie, will they bring us something to eat?"

This cry of a child on the night the first tank of the liberating Americans crashed the gates of Santo Tomas camp in Manila is indelibly etched in the minds of 23 women internees who heard it.

Sleeping in a room with the 23 women and a number of children, Mrs. Nellie Payne was awakened by the lights of the tank flashing on the window. She looked out, than gently shook her ten-year-old daughter Audrey lying beside her.

"DARLING, darling, the Americans have arrived," she called.

The youngster uttered her cry as she tried to draw herself up in bed, then fell back with the exhaustion of the effort.

Mrs. Payne recalled the incident when she and her daughter arrived in Sydney last week with a large party of liberated internees.

"I hugged Audrey," she went on, and my heart echoed the joy of every mother in the camp, as we realised that soon for the first time in many months our children could ask us for food and we could give it to them."

There were 317 people—233 men and women and 83 children—in the party, 53 of them Australians.

In the two months since their liberation most of them have gained weight, but the marks of three years' internment were still visible in pallid skins, teeth in some cases that needed a dentist's care, and with almost everyone of them, even the smallest children, deep circles — from starvation and nerve strain —under their eyes.

Just sat round

"THE Americans that night were moved at the sight of skin and bone adults staggering across to them and crowding excitedly round, but many of them wept as they saw the children," said Mrs. Robert Crabb.

"Some of them were like little old people, dragging along behind their parents who were too weak to carry them.

"The Americans were looking at children who no longer played, but just sat round; children for whom school was closed because they couldn't climb one flight of stairs to the schoolroom; children who raided garbage-tins of the Jap guard cookhouse and children who insisted on collecting their own meagre daily rice ration for fear their parents would cheat them of it."

Twenty-five-year-old Mrs. Crabb, formerly Miss Audrey Baker, of Bondi, was released from the internment camp with her husband, former Manila correspondent for the American United Press, and their two children, Janice, three years, and Philip five months.

Three months before the 22-year-old mother entered the camp, her then one-year-old baby, Janice, had contracted infantile paralysis.

With the aid of a German Jew, who smuggled in a set of exercises, and a masseur in the camp, the young parents, who were living in a bamboo shack built by Mr. Crabb in the camp grounds, managed to treat the child.

At the home of Mrs. Crabb's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Baker, of Bondi, Janice, still with her legs in braces, was pottering proudly round after her newly found grandma.

"I have just finished cleaning Grandma's house," she said, solemnly.

"I still can't believe I'm actually holding a baby's milk bottle in my hand," said Mrs. Crabb, as she fed the baby.

"During the last two months in camp Philip didn't gain an ounce in weight.

"Towards the end he would sleep for two hours, and then wake crying for food. I could only give him a drink of water or some kind of liquid to send him to sleep again.

"Although each Christmas we had managed to give the children some kind of a party, with gifts of crudely made toys, Christmas, 1944, was a bare one for them.

"However, we did manage to all club together and buy a piece of candy three inches by one inch wide at £1 each for the 700 children.

"For children's panties—practically the only clothes they wore—we knitted grocery string, splitting the string into one-ply if we were making baby clothing.

"When we queued up for the ration, children refused to trust their parents and lined up themselves with their pannikins.

"Children raided the garbage tins round the Jap guard cook-house until the Japanese ordered us to keep the starving youngsters away.

"Mothers had no fear of leaving younger tots alone while they busied themselves with work. They knew that when they returned the children would be sitting or lying in exactly the same position as they left them.

"When my three-year-old Janice saw same Japanese prisoners after our liberation and I stopped her from bowing to them she asked:

"'Aren't we playing bowing any more, Mummie?'"

Mrs. Noble Bradley greeted a friend after she arrived in Sydney with her nine-year-old son, John Hilton Bradley.

"Look, I'm all dressed up with silk clothes and everything," she said. "I only had rags when we left Santo Tomas."

She had been met by her sister and brother, who had brought a complete wardrobe of clothes for her.

Only four feet nine inches tall, Mrs. Bradley was Miss Millie Langley, of Melbourne, before she went to the Philippines and married Mr. Noble Bradley, an American.

A week after the internees were liberated Mr. Bradley died in hospital following an operation. His wife has now brought her little son home to her people.

WASHING-MACHINE is a joy for Mrs. Robert Crabb. Her husband and two children are with her at her mother's Bondi home.

LITTLE MARION NOFFZ gives toys to Jacquelyn and Patricia Jones while parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Jones, look on.

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ING TO EAT?"

HARRY GORDON PRITCHETT with her eight-months-old Harry Gordon, photographed at the home of her mother-in-law, Mrs. D. M. Pritchett, of Point Piper.

AUDREY PAYNE, 10, who, with her mother, Mrs. N. Payne, of London, is staying at Mt. Victoria. Audrey's first words when the Americans rescued internees were: "Will they give us something to eat?"

n Mrs. Bradley left Santo
she was wearing Filipino
She had given her only shoes
sum.

may notice I use only short
she said. **"You see, we had**
for long ones, everything had
simple as possible . . . even our
aries.

l 7.30 p.m. on February 3 I
given John his bath, and
d a fearful noise outside."
thought it was just the Fill-
guerrillas and the Japs, till
the internees rushed in and
had fifteen minutes to get
main building.
were pushed into the building
guards with guns at our
The Japs then closed the
doors on us.

Yanks are here"

T thing we heard were yells,
The Yanks are here!' and we
utiful tanks and jeeps driv-
rough the campus grounds.
men **went out and, weak as**
ere, they carried the drivers
se tanks on their shoulders
e building.
t 2 a.m. none of us could
and we were very hungry, so
ded to eat the last remain-
d we had.
was a cup of rice, which I
and made into a hot cake
little sugar and some fat.
t was our celebration meal.
ey soon ceased to have any
Mrs. Bradley added, "as the
permitted only the use of
Government money."

On one occasion Mrs. Bradley was given the equivalent of £40 for a packet of 20 Japanese cigarettes, and on another she was offered £20 just to bake a rice cake flavored with chocolate.

Soon after their internment her husband began doing some carpentering to add to their money, and he often worked for 30 centavos (9d.) an hour.

A prosperous businessman, who had never done any manual labor, Mr. Bradley built a shanty-house for his wife and son from nipa and clay.

Her husband sometimes had to work near where the rice was handed out.

"He found that with care he was able to drip some rice into his shoes and that way we sometimes got an extra cup now and then," she said.

"My husband built me a little stove out of scrap-iron he collected from the garbage-tins, and he even made a little oven. I soon discovered that I could make nice little cakes from the rice I ground, the roots of cannas, and the roots of bananas.

"I used to take them to the canteen, and often I baked up to 200 cakes a day.

"The guards didn't speak English, so we never spoke to them. We were taught one Japanese word, which meant 'toilet,' and which we were told to say if it was necessary at night for us to leave our sleeping quarters and we encountered a guard.

"When first we were interned the Japs asked for a list of women, whom they intended to make do the cleaning and latrine fatigue in the Japs' guard quarters.

"Our committee, however, said at once that white women were not permitted to undertake such tasks.

"The committee forbade us to do any cleaning in our own quarters, and if we did do sweeping we had to do it behind closed doors.

"We had all sorts of names for the shanties in the camp.

"There was 'Glamorville,' 'Froggybottom,' and 'Shantyville.' I can't remember who named them or why."

Mrs. Bradley told of the help she and her husband received from a Filipino girl called Belen Abreu.

Secretary helped

"SHE was my husband's secretary before the war, and soon after we were interned I came back to my shanty after doing my detailed work and found two small loaves of bread and some fruit.

"I looked at them longingly, but I was afraid to touch them, hungry though I was. Then my husband came in and said, 'We can eat them, chicken, Belen sent them to us.'

"From then onwards, two or three times a week that girl managed to get some food to us. She kept us alive, I know. I was able to see her before I left and thank her."

While Mrs. Bradley was talking, her son, who has improved enormously in health since his liberation, was engaged in riding up and down in the hotel lift.

That, with ice-cream, satisfied the little boy, who like all the liberated children has a frightening air of detachment from people.

"Mrs. H. Pritchett, of New South Head Road, Point Piper, is making the acquaintance of her grandchild. Her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gordon Pritchett, and eight-months-old baby are staying with her.

Although Spanish by birth, Mrs. Harry Gordon Pritchett refused to be parted from her husband when he was interned, and voluntarily entered the camp with him.

"Of 50 babies born in the camp during the last eight months only one died," she said.

Nursing her baby, she said: "Gordon Harry gave me many an anxious moment towards the end, but, well, here we are, and look at him—isn't he fat?"

At the Waverton home of the Misses Alma and Una Puxley, the two children of Mr. and Mrs. J. Jones, Jacquelyn, seven, and Patricia, ten, scampered excitedly round exploring the house.

"After living for three years in a room with 23 other women, with our only territory comprising six inches of space on either side of the bed, a house is a novelty to us," said Mrs. Jones.

As Jacquelyn brought in a cup and saucer, Mrs. Jones cautioned her to be careful with it.

"I'm terrified of their breaking the china," she said; "they hardly know what it is."

WELCOMES WIFE. Mr. Hamish McDonald welcomes his wife and son Alan, who were on their way from Shanghai to Australia when Manila fell.

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Paris decrees ...

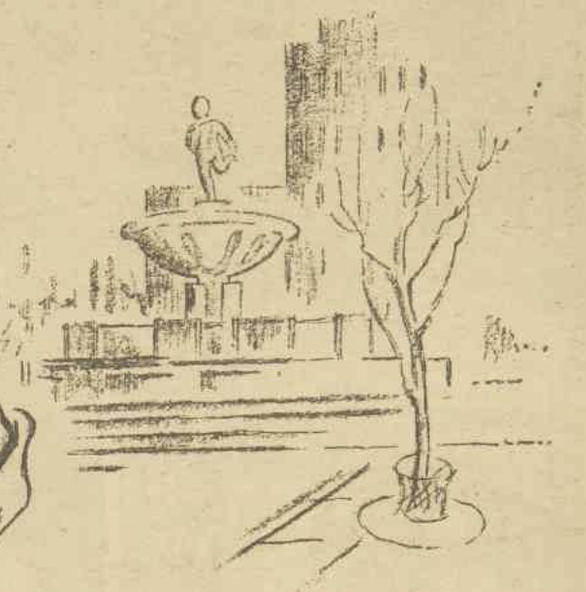
BLACK

for Smartness

Paris, for years the greatest fashion influence, once again inspires designers the world over. *Paris* is perhaps too, too *ultra* for everyday wear, but nevertheless, so interesting and *Paris*, like NEW YORK and *LONDON*, says BLACK is to be *fashionable this season*.

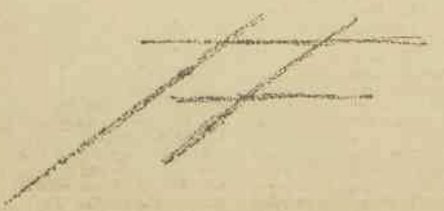
For the Australian woman, who this Autumn and Winter chooses BLACK, KAYSER offer service sheer Hosiery 901X — in the subtle, soft grey toning —

... SHADOW



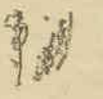
Mad. Carpentier ...
of Paris ... presents

BLACK Velour Coat . . . capelike top, draped, pleated and with skirt full as a bell. *The illustration of this design is acknowledged to English "VOGUE."*



However . . . .

If your choice of frock is in one of the new and delightful tonings in Blue, Green, Red or Brown, KAYSER suggest the ensemble will be complete when you wear it with the new 901X KAYSER Hosiery in the smart new shades "Salute" and "Parade."



SALUTE *fawnish brown to serve as an all-purpose shade.*

PARADE *a spicy brown to wear with the warmer tonings.*

KAYSER

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¶ For intimate wear, KAYSER'S new lingerie range in the exclusive *KAYDREAM* fabric will delight you. It includes NIGHTGOWN, No. 701, with softly gathered bodice, full skirt, shaped waistband, and deep V neck and sleeves edged with loom lace; Slips and Vests (round neck and brassiere styles); Scantees, Pantees and Briefs; also Pyjamas matching the night gown described above. Make a note to inspect the new range of—

STYLED LINGERIE
by KAYSER

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MORNING TEA. Newlyweds Mrs. George Beattie (left) and Mrs. Clive Reynolds meet at Australia Hotel for morning tea, each one just returned from her honeymoon. Mrs. Beattie, formerly Joan Crockford, married Lieut. George Beattie, R.A.N., on March 21 at All Saints', Hunters Hill, and Mrs. Reynolds, formerly Judith Crockford, married A/B. Clive Reynolds, R.A.N., at King's School Chapel on March 17.

UNIFORMS WORN AT DANCE. Lady Wakehurst (centre) chats with Sister Ruth McCarthy, of Brisbane (left), and Matron De Vines, of Geelong, Victoria, at a dance given in honor of the Governor, Lord Wakehurst, and Lady Wakehurst when they visited New Guinea recently. The dance was held in the Aitape area.

ENGLISH WEDDING. F/Sgt. Len Lymath, R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Joan Longworth, member of Royal Academy of Dancing, leaving St. Andrew's Church, Clubmoor, England, after their marriage. Len is son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Lymath, of Granville.

On and Off Duty.

VOTED the best party of the week was the all-Service "do" arranged by W.A.A.A.F. officers at their mess at Darling Point to say "thank you" for hospitality they had received.

Lots of big shots there from Navy, Army, and Air Force—all are welcomed by Wing-Officer Leonora Tipping and Squadron-Officer Pat Bower.

Heads of other women's Services also present. Charming First-Officer Kathleen Butters, W.R.N.S., came with First-Officer Blair Bowden, W.R.A.N.S. Noticed khaki-clad Major Millicent Aspinall, A.W.A.S., and Major Joyce Snelling, A.A.M.W.S.

• • •

ALL-SERVICE wedding when Staff-Sergeant Leonard Hermann marries Private Kathleen Livingstone, A.A.M.W.S., of Tumbarumba, at St. Peter's Church, North Sydney.

RETURNED from their honeymoon at the Carrington, Katoomba, are Lance-Corporal Gregory Howarth, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Patricia Davidson, of Chatswood.

• • •

BELIEVE Mrs. Peter Evatt's room at King George the Fifth Hospital is a bower of flowers. Telegrams and messages of congratulation keep arriving, with good wishes for her and her baby daughter. Lieut. Evatt and Mrs. Evatt have chosen the name Christine for their baby.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED. Yolande Anderson and her fiance, LAC Christopher Kermeen, R.A.A.F., of the West Indies, snapped in the sunshine of Hyde Park when Christopher is on leave in Sydney.

LOVED the story of the big business man who, because of domestic problems in his household, did the weekly wash for his wife. This isn't the end of the story though. The next week a super washing-machine arrived home, so housewives please take note!

• • •

HONEYMOON at Forster for Lieut. Ronald Silverton, R.A.N.V.R., and Mrs. Silverton, formerly Flight-Sergeant Megan Davies, whose marriage was recently celebrated.

ENGLISH BRIDE. F/Lt. Douglas Wiley, R.A.A.F., of Parramatta, and his bride, formerly Muriel Wilcockson, of Littleover, Derby, England. Bride is a leading aircraftwoman in the W.A.A.F. Douglas is elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Wiley, of Parramatta.

PRETTY Alison Bowman looked most engaging when she and Captain Bill Scott Fell lunched together at Prince's when Bill passed through Sydney on his way to Brisbane. Alison sported an outsize Cattleya orchid on her dusty-pink angora suit, which was worn with a fetching crownless toque to match.

• • •

POPULAR Canberra residents Nancy and Eric Thompson are receiving congratulations on the birth of a baby daughter, Erica Elizabeth. Nance, formerly Nancy Gurr, has been staying in Sydney for several months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Gurr, of Mosman. She is at Mater private hospital.

• • •

SERVICE interest when Private Gloria Williams, A.A.M.W.S., eldest daughter of Mrs. Williams, of Dulwich Hill, and the late Mr. C. Williams, announces engagement to Lance-Corporal Bert Clayton, A.I.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Clayton, of Kensington.

• • •

FAMILY reunion when Mrs. L. Mac Smith comes from Borenore for C.W.A. conference, and her daughter, Mrs. Don Service, who was recently married up North, arrives in Sydney on duty with Manila Internees. Mrs. Service, formerly Lorna Mac Smith, is attached to A.A.M.W.S., and has had lots of meetings with old Sydney friends who wished to congratulate her on her marriage. Her mother, by the way, is elected president of C.W.A.

Joyce

HONEYMOONERS. Captain Alfred Goding, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Lieut. Thelma Rideout, A.A.N.S., acknowledge congratulations from friends when they honeymoon at Australia Hotel. Romance commenced when couple met in Darwin, and later in New Guinea. Their marriage was recently celebrated at St. John's Cathedral, Brisbane.

JUST MARRIED. F/Lt. Alan Bradshaw, of Perth, and his bride, formerly Nerida Lane, leave St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Nerida is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Greville Lane, of Bellevue Hill. Alan is second son of Mr. and Mrs. William Bradshaw.

READING TELEGRAMS. William McKeown, ex-A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Pte. Joan Gambell, A.W.A.S., read congratulatory messages at reception at White City, Rushcutters Bay, after ceremony at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay. Joan is only child of late Mr. Walter Gambell and of Mrs. Gambell, of Rose Bay.

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and leading country stations.

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RICHARD LANE, who has adapted "Anna Karenina" for the Macquarie Network.

Novel adapted for radio

Leo Tolstoy's great novel, "Anna Karenina," has been adapted for radio presentation by Richard Lane for the "Library of the Air" series.

IT starts on May 3, and will be heard every Thursday at 8 p.m. from Station 2GB and other Macquarie Network stations.

Richard Lane, who adapted "Rebecca," "How Green Was My Valley," "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," and "Random Harvest," says that "Anna Karenina" is his most difficult assignment so far.

This was due to the great length of the novel, its alternating moods of gloom and happiness, and its Russian complexity of thought.

There have been several screen versions of this tragic love story. Greta Garbo gave a notable performance as Anna. In the 2GB radio performance this part will be played by Lyndall Barbour. It is a demanding role with limitless emotional possibilities.

Anna's lover, Count Alexey Vronsky, will be played by John Saul, and John Alden plays the exacting role of Dmitri Karenin.

The play will be produced by E. Mason Wood and Victor Lloyd.

Others in the cast include Queenie Ashton, Diana Golder, Hilda Scurr, Kevin Brennan, and Charles McCallum.

It took Leo Tolstoy four years to complete "Anna Karenina," which was first published in serial form in a Russian newspaper, "The Russian Messenger."

As a background to Anna's love story is a superb picture of the life of the Russian nobility of the last century.

The scenes change from sophisticated Moscow and St. Petersburg to the great country homes of the aristocracy.

Interwoven with Anna's personal story is the idealised love story of Kitty Cherbatsky and Konstantin Levin, a character Tolstoy based on himself, and the married life of Stiva and Dolly Orloff, Stiva homelessly unfaithful, and Dolly faithful and loving.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, April 25: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, April 26 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, April 27: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, April 28: Goodie Reeve presents R. s. d. i. o. competition, "Melody Foursomes."
SUNDAY, April 29 (4.15 to 5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, April 30: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From the Services."
TUESDAY, May 1: "What's On the Menu."

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Frock Service

F2593. — Well-designed form-fitting suit. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F742. — Charming cocktail frock. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F901.—New and very, very sophisticated. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

Needlework Notions

No. 586—CHILD'S WARM WINTER NIGHTGOWN

The pattern of this dainty nightgown, designed for winter nights with high, snug neckline, full sleeves, and slim waistline, is clearly traced on a cloth of excellent appearance named Gicella, in delightful shades of pink, blue, or plain white, ready for cutting and making.

Sizes: 2 to 4 years, 10/6 (8 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 12/11 (8 coupons). Postage, 11½d. extra.

No. 587—WOOLLEN BLOUSE AND SKIRT FOR YOUNG GIRLS

Here below is shown a dainty blouse, and ninety-designed skirt for the 4 to 8-year-old. Both come ready to cut and sew. Pattern of warm, long-sleeved blouse is clearly traced on an all-woollen cloth in white only; skirt traced clearly on to an all-woollen, herring-bone cloth, in shades of pink, blue, or grey. Blouse features a high neckline, or grey, with an all Peter Pan collar and scalloped panel front. The skirt has pleats at front, a plain gored back, and is finished with a self-band at the waistline.

BLOUSE: 4 to 6 years, 9/11 (3 coupons). SKIRT: 4 to 6 years, 7/11 (5 coupons). Postage, 1/2½ extra.

BLOUSE: 6 to 8 years, 11/3 (4 coupons). SKIRT: 6 to 8 years, 8/11 (3 coupons). Postage, 1/2½ extra.

586

587

F7463.—Smart, slenderising style for the matron. 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F901

"ELLEN."—Smart check suit; Dorinda, lovely blouse

"ELLEN," the cleverest suit pictured above, comes ready to wear in a woollen rayon mixture, featuring a fancy not a solid black check: red and white check, red and black, gold and black. There is black and white check, pink and black, blue and black from which to choose. Note cunning styling at waistline, twin breast pockets, high revers. Jacket is unlined.

Ready to Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, 69/11 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 75/6 (17 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust, 45/3 (17 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 49/11 (17 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

"DORINDA."—The lovely feminine blouse, also shown above, is fashioned from rayon crepe-de-chine in a delicate pink. Neckline and plain white. Also shown above, is a high neckline front and a shoulder yoke gives fullness over the bustline. Sleeves are trimmed with a self ruffle.

Ready to Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, 23/6 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 25/11 (6 coupons). Postage, 1/2½ extra.

N.B.—When ordering, please state second and third choice in color to avoid disappointment and delay. Obtain "ELLEN" and "DORINDA" in N.S.W. Obtain "ELLEN" in Sydney. Include coupons, and send to Box 3408, G.P.O., Sydney, for required amount. Postal note for Postage. In other States, send to Box 1408, G.P.O., Brisbane. Be sure to give bust, waist, hip measurements, and length, as given on this page.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue.

CHILDREN'S PINAFORES AND APRONS.
Sizes, 2 to 4, 4 to 6, 6 to 8 years.
No. 1.—Requires 1yd., 36in. wide.
No. 2.—Requires ½yd., 36in. wide.
No. 3.—Requires 1yd., 36in. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

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Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should: ★ Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page. ★ No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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DAVID JONES' FOR SERVICE SINCE 1838

Good Companions for Winter

- "Good Companion" Gowns are expertly made in our own factory.
- They are fashioned from materials specially selected for appearance and wearing ability.
- Particular attention is always paid to detail. You'll find the stitching and finishing perfect.
- "Good Companions" are cut with full, generous skirts and are floor length. There's a wide fitting range, too, seven sizes in all.
- They are made in a number of basic styles cut with an eye to all figure requirements and in colours to suit all tastes.

See them on Third Floor, Main Store

31W6: Pre-shrunk Wool Jacket *made of the finest Merino yarn, lacy knit. It comes in cloud pink or mist blue and is definitely unshrinkable. Sizes S.S.W. to O.S. At 29/6 and 7 coupons.*

3rd Floor, Main Store

31W1: "Claudia" *is the "Good Companion" above, made of lightweight pure wool. Note how it buttons from neck to hem. Contrast spotted pipings on Embassy blue, claret wine and blue. Sizes 32 to 44. 59/11 and 15 coupons.*

31W5: "Kaye" *is the little lady in the photograph. This Gown is made in heavyweight blanket wool and is the warmest thing. Red blazer cord trim on leaf green or kasha. Sizes 32 to 44. At 67/11 and 15 coupons.*

31W4: "Nola" *is the Gown at the right with the generous lapover skirt. Casual and warm as toast, it's also made of lightweight pure wool. Ice blue satin binding on royal or wine. 32 to 44. 85/- and 15 coupons.*

3rd Floor, Main Store

31W3: "Suzanne" *is sketched at the right. This is another heavyweight Gown of pure brushed wool. Has bell sleeves and self embroidery. In two shades of blue, aqua, cherry, lacquer red and green. 32 to 44. At 82/11 and 15 coupons.*

3rd Floor, Main Store

31W2: A Bed Jacket *in pure wool, pre-shrunk jersey cloth is certainly a "Good Companion"! It has soft satin trims and is a lovely light weight. In sky blue. S.W. to O.S. At 25/9 and 6 coupons.*

3rd Floor, Main Store

★ AMPLE SUPPLIES AVAILABLE TO FILL MAIL ORDERS FROM ANY STATE. ★ WRITE EARLY DAVID JONES' FOR SERVICE. POSTAL ADDRESS BOX 503AA, G.P.O., SYDNEY

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Pastoral

Continued from page 15

THEY laughed together. "Would you like to do that one afternoon?" he said. "You've got a bike, haven't you?"

She hesitated for a moment. "I'd love to see it," she said. "If I met you out there, would you show it me?"

His heart warmed to her for her discretion. "Sure," he said. "It'll take you about an hour to get there on your bike. What about half-past three to-morrow afternoon?"

She was suddenly frightened at his confidence. Between then and half-past three to-morrow afternoon there lay an operation, a thing of darkness and of terror, of bombs and fire and flares and flak and death. Beyond that, he was making an assignment to go walking in the woods with her.

"All right," she said. "Half-past three to-morrow afternoon?"

He said, "That's a date. Have you got a map?"

She had a map. He studied it for a minute or two and then drew a little pencil circle at an intersection of two lanes.

"There," he said. "Half-past three to-morrow."

She smiled. "I'll be there."

He went back to the mess, and she went over to her quarters and up to her room. She undressed partially and lay down on her bed, pulling a blanket over her. Life for her had suddenly become very full of incident.

She lay for some time wakeful, thoughtful, and feeling herself to be much occupied, very much involved. Presently she dozed a little. She was called at half-past four and went down for a cup of tea before the briefing.

Marshall also lay upon his bed, reviewing the many calls upon his time. He was consciously and absurdly happy; this week, he felt, had been a splendid week. First there had been the big pike; he still got a thrill from the memory of it. Then there was the badger and fox business, which had been wizard.

To-morrow afternoon there would be this expedition to the badger's earth; he looked forward immensely to that.

And after that, there was the chance of pigeon-shooting, and there might possibly be other afternoons with Gervase Robertson which would take precedence over everything.

He lay for a while revolving his many occupations pleasantly in his mind, and presently he slept, to be awakened in time for his high tea before briefing.

Section-Officer Robertson was on duty that night in the Control Office. She had taken over from her predecessor, and she was now in charge of radio and telephone communications at Hartley, working closely under the control of a flight-lieutenant at Group Headquarters, Charwick.

Four girls were normally on duty upon an operations night, with Section-Officer Robertson in charge of them. The work was not very difficult. It mainly consisted of taking signals as they came in and marking up a very large blackboard, showing the position of each aircraft in the successive stages of its flight, in order that the wing-commander and the control officer could see the operational position at a glance.

That night the aircraft took off for Dortmund in succession between seven-thirty and eight-fifteen. Miss Robertson was busy with her chalk upon the blackboard while all that was going on; then there was a lull as the machines were winging outward to the target.

At ten o'clock she gave the squadron-leader who was serving as control officer a cup of tea and a piece of cake, and had a little meal herself, sitting at her desk in a corner of the control-room. At 10.35 the first "Mission Completed" signal came through, and began another round of duty for her with her bit of chalk.

One by one she marked them up as the messages came through upon the telephone from the W/T station. D for Donald—that was Sanderson. L for London, Humphries. S for Sammy, Johnson. N for Nuts, Davy. R for Robert, Marshall.

She chalked up N for Nuts and R for Robert on the board. The bare office room seemed suddenly more cheerful; she looked through into the radio-room and asked the W.A.A.F. corporal for another cup of tea. From his desk the control officer glanced up at the board.

"Davy and Marshall," he remarked. "I wasn't losing any sleep for them."

She was curious, and vaguely resentful. "Why not, sir?" she inquired. "The risk's the same for all of them, isn't it?"

He said briefly: "Those two have been at this for years. They know all the answers."

He sat thoughtful for a moment, his eyes fixed on the blackboard. "Check back to Group," he said quietly, "and see if they've got anything from H for Harry."

H for Harry was Pilot-Officer Forbes, the second aircraft to take off that night. A minute later Section-Officer Robertson said: "Nothing yet from H for Harry, sir."

The control-officer said absently: "Okay."

At one-fifteen the first aircraft, D for Donald, was heard making a wide circuit overhead, and the operation of landing the machines began. By two o'clock they were down and parked at the dispersal points, all except the one.

Gervase Robertson stayed on with her sergeant and corporal in the control-room till after four o'clock, combing by telephone the aerodromes and W/T stations throughout the country for some news of H for Harry. In the cold hour before the dawn she walked back grave and sleepy to her bed, unsuccessful.

To be continued

Animal Antics

"They say the moon is made of cheese."

Formula Unknown

Continued from page 5

SUDDENLY Mr. Jensen exclaimed: "Z-z-z-z!" His arms flailed the air even faster. "Z-z-z-z-z!" he repeated, and slowly, he seemed to glide along, a few inches above the ground.

Unfortunately, he had placed himself right in the path of the lolloping Miss Proudfoot and her jockey. All at once there was the sound of body meeting body, and Mr. Jensen crashed heavily to the floor. He sat up, his face purple with rage, and his arms fairly whirring. "Z-Z-Z-Z-Buzzzzzzzz," he exclaimed angrily, his eyes fixed malevolently on Miss Proudfoot. He rose heavily from the floor and glided into a position immediately behind her. For a moment he poised, then, darting forward with a final triumphant buzz, he buried his teeth in the small of Miss Proudfoot's back.

The lovely Gloria, chattering hysterically, clambered hastily back on to the top of the bookcase. Miss Proudfoot stopped suddenly, and, in a flash, she kicked. Mr. Jensen gave an explosive hiss and subsided inert on the floor.

Young Bill looked up. His face was haggard and drawn, and it was patently obvious that he no longer paid any attention to what his eyes were telling him. "If—if—you don't mind," he quavered, "could we go out and have some stimulant. I'm having hallucinations."

"A very good idea," agreed Mr. Umphelby, "it seems a little close in here."

As they went out into the normal-sounding city street young Bill said, "I never realised how much like a monkey Gloria Sandilands is, anyway," and Mr. Umphelby felt his activities had not been in vain.

"Personally," he remarked, as they breasted the bar, "I hope Mr. Jensen doesn't get over it for a couple of hours."

Bill eyed him curiously. "Get over what?" he demanded. "Umph, did you see it, too. Or am I really mad?"

Elijah eyed his glass contentedly. "You're not mad, my boy," he said unhelpfully, and Bill lapsed into silence, pondering deeply.

. . . . . .

A week later Mr. Umphelby took his place in the coffee-lounge and waited for his erstwhile acquaintance. The latter seemed suddenly to materialise from nowhere.

"Well, pal," he said, sliding into his seat, "'ow did they work?"

"They worked," said Mr. Umphelby colloquially, "magnificently." And he went on to relate the happenings at the office.

The little man slapped his thigh delightedly. "Well, I'm most gratified," he exclaimed in a cultured voice, "most gratified! It's really amazing!"

His voice had so changed that Mr. Umphelby started. "I don't understand . . ." he began.

"My dear sir," said his companion, "accept my humble apologies and allow me to introduce myself. I am Professor Crane, of the Institute of Psychological Research. For some time I have held a theory concerning the possibility of hypnotising third parties through an agent—transmitting the hypnotic power, so that it goes through a carrier to the ultimate recipient."

He chuckled. "My confreres have laughed at this theory for some time now. One of them even went so far as to bet me a large sum of money that I couldn't perform the feat—incognito. I'm afraid he will be a great deal poorer to-night."

He produced the box of powders. "These powders, about which I talked so—er—freely a week ago, are really quite harmless."

Mr. Umphelby gasped. "Harmless! But I saw with my own eyes—"

The little man held up a hand. "You saw with your own eyes the working out of my theory of transmitted hypnotism—no more. For when you took those powders away with you last week you believed implicitly in their efficacy. That made you the perfect hypnotic agent. But it doesn't alter the fact that these powders, my dear sir, are just—boracic!"

"Boracic!" Elijah's face was a study. "But how—Miss Sandilands—Miss Proudfoot—Mr. Jensen—all the things I saw——"

The Professor broke open a brown pocket. A little pile of powder lay in the palm of his hand. "This," he said, "I have labelled my hat-powder. But it's still boracic, and just as harmless as all the others." He laughed. "Goodness knows how one would act if I employed my method in relation to bats," he said. He threw the powder to the floor, and a small cloud of it hung before him. "Scientifically," he began—and then Mr. Umphelby let out a wild and terrible cry.

For, in the twinkling of an eye, the Professor was hanging by his feet from the ceiling.

(Copyright)

WORTH Reporting

SHIP'S cat of the King George V used up one of her nine lives before she joined the ship.

She came aboard two years ago when the ship was escorting a Russian convoy.

In the blackness of the Arctic night a terrible accident occurred when the battleship cut the destroyer Punjabi in two.

The cat made a miraculous jump and landed on the K.G.V., and has been aboard ever since.

Her name is Madame Punjabi.

Ship's Bible

IN the chapel of the King George V is a Bible which was given to the ship by the King.

It belonged to his father, the late King George V, who used to read a chapter from it every day.

The inscription, written by the present King, reads: "This Bible was used by my father, and I now present it to the captain, officers, and men of the King George V."

* * *

OVERHEARD on the ferry.

One middle-aged lady to another: "My dear, what can you expect from foreigners? Why, neither Hitler nor Stalin can speak English."

Basic English

DR. M. L. Tuan, writing on Basic English in "Presenting China," Chinese Ministry of Information magazine, quotes a menu written by Dr. Lin Yu-Tang, who compiled it to show that the 850 simple words used in Basic English can sometimes produce a ludicrous result.

The menu reads:

False soup of swimming animal with round hard cover, or soup of end of male cow.

Young cow inside thing nearest the heart.

Fowl that has red thing under mouth, that makes funny hard noise and is eaten by Americans on certain day, taken with apple cooked with sugar and water, but cold.

Meat with salt preparation that keeps long time. Hot drink makes heart jump or you don't go to sleep.

Translated, the menu reads: Mock turtle soup or ox-tail soup; calves' liver. Turkey and apple sauce. Ham. Coffee.

Pavement critic

WELL-KNOWN Australian artist Dora Wilson was recently enconced on Parliament House steps, Melbourne, busily painting the street below her.

A small newsboy came along, looked at the painting, and said generously: "That's quite good. You ought to get ten bob for it."

"I thought I might get 30 guineas for it," she countered mildly.

The boy looked incredulous and walked away touching his head significantly.

Milko

EVERY day of the week a sleek, black horse, Barney, draws a cart to serve milk to some of the residents of Queanbeyan, N.S.W.

But Barney is no ordinary milk-cart horse. He has won 40 ribbons in shows, and has never been beaten. After one recent show his owner, Mr. F. W. Beattie, refused an offer of £200 for Barney and his harness, made of rubber and gold and 30 years old.

Barney's wartime show vehicle is a smart buggy, renovated after lying neglected for 20 years at Bywong station, Sutton.

Tram types

MIRIAM has golden hair and
great big eyes of blue.
She casts her smile with wilful
guile
In trams on young and old.
Maxine's face is granite-like,
she weighs 14 stone two.
Her strong right arm may not
have charm,
But knocks the bravest cold.
Miriam should stir chivalry, the
boys all say she's sweet;
But all my dough's on Maxine
when either wants a seat.

—Dorothy Drain.

Circus identity

EMPLOYEE of Wirth's Circus for 40 years, Mr. Charles West has appeared in the ring only once. "And was I terrified," he says.

"That was when the Wirth family presented me with a gold watch. They wouldn't have got me in then, only the Wirth girls threatened to cry if I didn't."

The inscription on the watch reads: "To Mr. Charles West in appreciation of his personal supervision of the Elephant Cavalcade, from Melbourne to Sydney and return, 1250 miles."

"Me and seven elephants plodded it on foot in the winter of 1943, taking five weeks, but it was no walk-over," he told us.

Mr. West, who is in charge of the circus transport, said that transport and manpower are the circus' biggest headaches.

"One of our best elephants had to be left behind in Melbourne this time, because she refused to board a motor truck. She'd been hit on the head in a truck some years ago, and her memory was still good," said Mr. West.

Army call-ups had killed many of the spectacular acts.

"One day it would be the leading trapeze artist, the next our fire-eater."

Mr. West said there wasn't any glamor or excitement about his work.

"Occasionally when the lions play up I go into the cage and work them out," he said.

* * *

TRAVELLER: *"Quick! Gimme a return ticket."*

Clerk: "Return to where?"

Traveller: "Blimey! To 'ere, of course."

Serial for radio

"OLD Sinners Never Die," serial by Sydney author A. E. Martin, which appeared recently in The Australian Women's Weekly, has been bought for radio dramatisation by the well-known actor-producer George Edwards.

Mr. Martin won our £1000 prize novel contest in 1943 with his first murder mystery, "Common People."

"Old Sinners Never Die" was highly praised by critics of the "New York Times" and the "Chicago Sun," when published in America last year by Simon and Schuster.

Simon and Schuster have also published "Common People" (under the title of "The Outsiders"), and have on their spring list Mr. Martin's new novel, "Death In the Limelight," also bought by The Australian Women's Weekly.

Mr. Martin is adapting "Old Sinners Never Die," and will assist in production.

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Film Reviews

★★★ PASSAGE TO MARSEILLES

FIRST-CLASS production combines with excellent acting to make this film a memorable experience.

Much more than melodrama, it is a biting attack on all collaborationists and pacifists who favor negotiated peace with Germany.

The story is told in a series of flashbacks, as Captain Freycinet (Claude Rains) tells an American reporter (John Loder) of his voyage from New Caledonia to Marseilles.

His tale is about five men who escape from Devil's Island to fight for their country against the Nazis.

They are led by Matrac (Humphrey Bogart), superbly cast as a French journalist imprisoned on a trumped-up murder charge.

Matrac leaves in France his wife, Michele Morgan, who gives an understanding performance.

Claude Rains is outstanding, but high marks must go also to Philip Dorn, Peter Lorre, and Helmut Dantine for character presentations.—Plaza; showing.

★★★ TOGETHER AGAIN

THIS blithe and amusing farce reveals Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer as stars with a fine flair for comedy.

Romantic and humorous situations are neatly blended in this tale of a sophisticated sculptor (Boyer) who remodels the career of a small-town lady mayor, Irene Dunne, when she engages him to carve a statue of her late husband.

Conniving father-in-law Charles Coburn does much to foster the romance between this delightful pair, while cute adolescent Mona Freeman presents plenty of obstacles when she herself falls for Mr. Boyer's suave charm.

The compact script is studded with provocative situations and snappy dialogue, and Charles Vidor's direction is swiftly paced.

This is the kind of frothy fare that makes grand escapist entertainment.—State; showing.

★★★ THE SUSPECT

THIS is one of the finest productions to come from Universal studios in a long time. The story is gripping, the characters vividly etched, and the tension nerve-racking.

The tale is actually the character study of a mild, middle-aged business man (Charles Laughton), whose life is made a hell by his nagging wife (splendidly played by Rosalind Ivan).

In his loneliness Laughton turns to attractive young Ella Raines, and when his wife refuses a divorce he murders her. Tracked relentlessly by Scotland Yard, he is driven to commit another murder.

Laughton practically licks his lips over such a heavily emotional role, but turns in a fine performance.

Against such strong competition, Ella Raines holds her own.

The supporting cast is an exceptional one. Stanley C. Ridges is suavely terrifying as the detective; Henry Daniell and Molly Lamont are superb as Laughton's prying neighbors.—Victory; showing.

★★ AIR FORCE

MADE with the co-operation of the U.S. Air Corps, this drama from Warners' studios is an exciting tale of heroism, brought to the screen by a splendid cast. There is one bad fault with "Air Force"—it is far too late.

The plot is a simple one — the daily log of a Flying Fortress (christened Mary Ann by its crew) as it makes its way across the Pacific.

After the attack on Pearl Harbor, the crew fly their ship on a hazardous journey across the Pacific to Australia.

Except for a couple of incidental roles (and, by the way, one of them goes to Faye Emerson), the cast is composed of the nine-man crew of the bomber, and includes John Garfield and Gig Young.—Tatler; showing.

★★ MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR

MGM have collected a competent and attractive cast, but let them down badly with a dull script.

The theme dramatises the first two years of marriage of a young couple.

Lana Turner, looking as glamorous as ever, is neatly cast as the selfish, pleasure-seeking young wife, and John Hodiak as the husband should collect plenty of new fans.

As you might have guessed, there is another man in Lana's life—James Craig, stiff and unconvincing as usual.—St. James.

★ ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?

WHEN films dealing with the problems of juvenile delinquency could be so valuable, it seems a pity they are not capably handled.

The story tells of a young girl (Noel Neill) who runs away from boarding school, and at a roadhouse she meets Richard Byron.

The two kids become involved in a murder case, and subsequently appear before the juvenile court.—Cameo and Lyric; showing.

ON THE SET of Warners' "The Big Sleep," co-stars Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart chat with Martha Vickers, who has the second feminine role in this film. Bogart and Lauren plan to marry next June.

2GB YOUR FAVOURITE RADIO HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK 2GB

SUNDAY
THE MACQUARIE PLAY:
"THE CIRCLE"
Drama—Starring AILSA GRAHAM and ALFRED BRISTOWE
Sunday, 8 p.m.

MONDAY
"STAR THEATRE"
"THE GREY CAT"
Starring NEVA CARR-GLYN and JOHN TATE
Monday, 9 p.m.

TUESDAY
"PLAY OF THE WEEK"
"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE"
Grand comedy, starring HILDA SCURR and MORAY POWELL
Tuesday, 9.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY
"GOOD NEIGHBOURS"
A Quiz on the household by housewives.
Wednesday, 1 p.m.

THURSDAY
"ERNEST & MARGARET"
Two charming people you'll be happy to meet.
Mon. to Thurs., 1.30 p.m.

FRIDAY
"YOUTH SPEAKS"
Questions of to-day and to-morrow discussed by brilliant young orators.
Friday, 7.30 p.m.

SATURDAY
"MELODIES & MEMORIES"
Personal reminiscences of prominent theatricals.
Saturday, 8 p.m.

2GB THE NATION'S STATION! Key Station of the Macquarie Network 2GB

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Rich Little Poor Girl

Continued from page 4

JERRY Lampson came next day. He had the same battle-scarred look Peter had, but his temper seemed all right. He looked up at the low white farmhouse, its lichen-covered roof and oak beams, at its neat garden with its bean rows and beehive, and fruit trees.

"Gosh," he said. "Isn't it nice!"

Peter had been about to apologise for the misery of his abode, but the words died, and he had to think up another line. Jerry made Janice show him all over the cottage. He loved every bit of it.

"You and Peter must be very happy here. I've never known a place with such a wonderful atmosphere."

He lit a cigarette, and stood looking out of the window.

"Peter's a funny bloke. There's an awful lot of nonsense on the surface. I often long to give him a running kick in the pants myself. But under it all there is something. Something rather fine. You can't imagine what he was like out there. He kept us all sane. He has a sort of charm."

"Yes," she nodded sadly, "he has a sort of charm."

The telephone pealed. She went to answer it. It was Elspeth Killick' from Chanctonbury Manor. Elspeth hadn't shown any signs of life while Peter was away, but the moment he got back, here she was, breaking surface with a splash.

"Janice, darling, will you and Peter come over to-night? A little party . . . The chosen few, and maybe a poker game . . . It will cheer him up . . . I've amusing people here . . . We'd so love to see you again."

"Peter will come, I'm sure," said Janice. "I can't. I'm a working woman now. Got to milk the cows. Jerry Lampson is staying here. He'll come instead of me."

But Jerry, oddly enough, refused to go.

"I'll stay and help Janice. I'm not in a party mood."

"You're getting too serious, Jerry," said Peter. However, he was certainly in a better temper next morning. He said it was a wonderful party.

"And you'll never guess who was there."

"Averil de Lisle," said Janice, quietly.

"Well, if you aren't clever! Yes, Averil. Looking the absolute tops. She wants us all to meet her in town to-night, see her show and go out to supper with her afterwards. She is simply coining money. I told her we were paupers living in the utmost squalor and would go anywhere for a meal."

"You and Jerry can go."

"For crying out loud, what's bitten you?" said Peter. "After all I've been through don't you think I deserve a little fun, a spot of gaiety?"

"Of course you do, and I want you to have it. But once you start milking cows you've got to keep at it, Peter. You can't have a convenient tap fitted."

"Then why did you ever start it?" he asked irritably.

"Because I like it. For the first time in my life," she said, "I'm doing something useful and worth while. I'm happier here than I've ever been."

"Well, you've funny tastes, old girl, that's all I can say."

Jerry had to get back to town, anyway, so Peter went up with him. She saw them off. Old Dolly, the cow, yearned at her, slobbering over the gate.

"Good-bye. Have a good trip," Janice said brightly. Peter and Jerry turned the corner and she went slowly back through the farmyard.

Sooner or later Janice knew that something would have to be done about the existing state of affairs between herself and Peter, so she faced up to it immediately.

Peter she knew would be staying at his club. She wrote to him there:

Darling,

Of course I know what a horrible disappointment all this has been to you. As you have so often said, you married a rich wife and it's too bad she should have turned into something you never intended like this. So let's admit it, face the worst, and split.

I have always loved you very much, but never deluded myself that you cared much for me. And now Averil is the rich one, and will be able to give you the sort of life you like. The money problem, which I know was the trouble, doesn't exist any longer.

See old Joe and fix things. I'll make it as easy as I can.

Janice.

Kate Milsom arrived with the baby swathed in a shawl, just as Janice returned from posting the letter.

"I brought him to see you first of anyone."

She carefully opened the shawl, and there he lay sleeping, warm and cosy as a little hot pie.

"We thought," said Kate shyly, "of calling him Peter."

"Oh, no," said Janice softly, "don't do that. Peter was a boy who wouldn't grow up. Call him Jonathan. Jonathan was a strong man, and he was beautiful in his life, and faithful unto death. That's the kind England is going to need."

So two days later, Mrs. Milsom murmured into the vicar's ear that the name was Jonathan Frederick. And Janice received him back into her arms, and gazed tenderly into the baby face. Then she looked up, and saw, to her amazement, Peter sitting at the back of the church. Peter was wearing his familiar scowl.

What he could possibly want she would not imagine. She had promised to go to the Milsoms' house for the christening party, and she went, ignoring Peter entirely. It was milking time before she got back, and she ran upstairs and changed into the old slacks and the old shirt.

Peter was in his room. He seemed to be moving round, so no doubt he had come to pack his belongings. He was whistling, rather tunelessly.

Janice was at work on Selina, who was a reluctant giver, when Peter came outside. He leaned one elbow on Selina, and looked down at Janice.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I'm here," said Peter, "because I'm not having any."

"Not having any what?"

"Any of what you wrote about . . . You getting rid of me so that you can team up with Jerry . . . Trying to make it all sound pleasant and plausible and entirely my own fault."

"I can't imagine what you are talking about. Jerry had never said a single word to me."

"He said plenty to me." Peter's voice was laden with heavy resentment. "Said I was a fool and a cad and not fit to black your boots. He shoved Averil down my throat, and said for heaven's sake go to her, and leave the coast clear for me and Janice. Said it quite openly. And then right on top of that comes your letter. And you ask me to believe it wasn't a put-up job between the pair of you. I'm not as green as all that, you know."

Janice hid her face against Selina's warm flank. She laughed secretly and silently. Old Jerry! He had seen how things were with her, and was trying to help her, taking a hand.

"I've never in all my life had such things said to me by anyone," said Peter. "And I've always looked on Jerry as my best friend."

There was a little pause.

"And the worst of it is," said Peter in a queer, flat voice, "the greater part of what he said is true."

Janice got up and put down the stool and milk pail.

"You liked the life I gave you, Peter, but you never cared for me."

"Maybe I didn't," said Peter. "But——"

"I can't give you the life any more. Averil can. So it's only commonsense."

"Maybe I didn't love you," said Peter hoarsely. "Maybe I married you, as Jerry said, for what I could get out of you. As likely as not I'll make a bad farmer . . . I can only take a cut at it. But I'm staying here, Janice . . . You can't unseat me. I'm staying this time because I want to."

He put his arms round her, and he wasn't defiant any longer.

Janice closed her eyes, and stood very still with his arms about her. Silly things slipped through her mind . . . Peter, she thought, coming home to me, in the evening . . . maybe with a scythe over his shoulder. I expect he can learn how to scythe. Nobody in the spare room, she thought . . . just Peter and me. I shall have my man to myself.

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Movie World

These girls are doing fine war work

LOUISE ALLBRITTON, Rita Hayworth, and Ann Sheridan are three popular Hollywood stars who have managed to combine a glamorous appearance and a successful screen career with a tireless round of war work.

Louise, who is as attractive and as witty in real life as she is on the screen, is one of the top favorites on camp tours. She is also a qualified nurses' aide at one of the big military hospitals.

Rita, whose dancing and singing have made her a top musical comedy star, was also an enthusiastic performer at camp tours with her famous husband, Orson Welles. Since her baby was born she has not been able to continue with the tours, but is planning to start again soon.

Ann has probably travelled farther than any other feminine star to bring entertainment to the boys on the battlefronts. Her last tour was of India, Burma, China, and Africa, and during that exhausting tour her natural charm and sense of humor won her many new fans.

● *LOUISE ALLBRITTON wears clothes like a mannequin, and has a delightful flair for comedy. In Universal's "Bowery to Broadway," Louise is featured as the famous Lillian Russell.*

● *RITA HAYWORTH back in Hollywood after holiday in Mexico with her husband, Orson Welles, and their four-months-old baby daughter. Rita's latest film is Columbia's musical, "To-night and Every Night."*

● *ANN SHERIDAN, glamorous red-head under contract to Warners, has boundless energy. She has covered 60,000 miles on camp tours overseas, and has a fine record in the war-bond sales in America. Ann will soon be seen in a new drama, "The Man Who Died Twice," in which she is co-starred with Claude Rains.*

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CHAFING

Sores caused by chafing napkins are soon healed by Cuticura Ointment. Stops itching and irritation and assures undisturbed sleep. Antiseptic Cuticura cannot harm baby's tender skin. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder. 534

Cuticura OINTMENT

Clean smoothly... keep woodwork spotless with VIM cleans without

EASTERN FANTASY...

1 **IN BAGDAD**, a thousand years ago, Hafiz (Ronald Colman), beggar and rascal, makes a tidy income by begging alms. At home he has daughter, Marsinah (Joy Ann Page), whom he boasts will marry a prince.

2 **MARSINAH** falls in love with gardener (James Craig), who is really Caliph of Bagdad in disguise.

3 **HAFIZ** has secret meetings with Jamilla (Marlene Dietrich), Queen of the Castle of the Grand Vizier.

4 **MASQUERADING** as the Prince of Hassir, Hafiz visits the vizier (Edward Arnold), and, scorning his host's dancing girls, tries to persuade him to instal Marsinah as queen. His reason is that he wants Jamilla for himself.

5 **MARSINAH** refuses to become queen, so Hafiz tries to kill the Caliph, but failing, kills the Vizier.

6 **THE CALIPH** cannot execute his future father-in-law, so he makes Hafiz a real prince, but banishes him from Bagdad.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

KISMET

WHEN director William Dieterle started preparations for MGM's technicolor film, "Kismet," he was determined to capture the flavor of ancient Bagdad and the spirit of the time in the settings and costumes.

Months were consumed in study of books, photographs, and letters by the research, art, and wardrobe departments.

A member of the U.S. Army, Sgt. J. Herwood, stationed in England, secured photographs of Bedouin dancing girls from the British Museum, and sent them over.

Capt. Elliott Gibbons, U.S. Ferrying Command, husband of MGM dress-designer Irene, returned to Hollywood on leave, bringing jewellery from North Africa, which Marlene Dietrich wears in the film.

A FAMOUS STAR...
A FAMOUS BEAUTY CARE

I've always admired Claudette Colbert. Now I'm using Lux Toilet Soap—just as she does—to make my own skin soft and romantic.

"I use Lux Toilet Soap every day. It's a real beauty soap."

Here's advice on beauty from someone who really knows—charming Claudette Colbert! "Now more than ever I am grateful for Lux Toilet Soap," this lovely star says, "my skin feels softer, smoother—looks radiant — flower-fresh." Why not get yourself a cake of this pure white soap to-day? Tests show 3 out of 4 complexions improve in a very short time with Lux Toilet Soap.

9 out of every 10 Film Stars use LUX TOILET SOAP

A LEVER PRODUCT LT.141.26

VIROL

THE manufacturers wish this could be an announcement that supplies of Virol are available for your children, but, unfortunately, it cannot be. They hope, however, as you do, that conditions will soon permit of such an announcement. Until then you are asked to remember that Virol helped to build up the men and women of to-day in their childhood as it will again build up the children in the not far distant future.

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Food Specialists
LONDON · ENGLAND

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WITH THE A.W.A.S.

By VIRGIL

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Kathleen Court
CANTON LIPSTICK
now available
For lips of indelible lacquer-like loveliness ... Kathleen Court's Canton Lipsticks in shades of Toffee, Red, Lilac, and Pecan
Also Kathleen Court "17" Rouge
If you have any difficulty in obtaining Kathleen Court's Supreme Aids to Beauty, write Miss Court personally—350 Clarence Street, Sydney.

CLIMBERS hide the nudity of bare walls and put the finishing touches to a perfect garden. This picture was taken at a famous home at Castle Hill, N.S.W.

AND HERE the lilac or lavender loveliness of wistaria hides the bare nakedness of an old potting-shed, and does the job very well each spring.

Cover up bare walls and fences

● Nothing looks more neglected and barren than a bare wall in a garden that is otherwise tastefully planted.

— says OUR HOME GARDENER.

YET how simple it is at this time of the year, while the soil is still relatively warm, to establish a climbing shrub or trailer.

Imagine, for instance, what the thick wall in this picture would look like but for the fact that a clematis has taken possession of it and clothed it in a jacket of green and snow-white.

And not a great way distant a lovely lavender wistaria has clambered all over a brick potting-shed, camouflaging it, first with racemes of fragrant color, and later with pale green, soft foliage.

And now is the time to plant climbers and roamers and runabouts, those pleasant, accommodating vines that grow so fast, bestow so much, and ask so little in return.

Take any catalogue, that's if you can get such a thing in these days of paper shortage, and skip through its pages at "the climbing plants" section, from "Akebia" to wistaria sinensis, and in nearly every case you find plants that are big of body, sturdy in soul, and generous in their gifts.

We scan the pages and note that Antigonon leptopus is also known as coral vine, and that there is a pure white variety. Over page is Dutchman's pipe (catalogued as aristolochia), then bauhinia, a rather tender plant suitable only to the semi-tropics; the bignonias are sturdier and hardier, and there are a round dozen of them, one a native—Bignonia australis, or wonga vine.

Then the bougainvilleas stride into sight, full of thorns but tremendously colorful—all of them—needing warmth and hating frost.

Clematis is not for all of us, but the native variety is a sturdy, roaming rascal that will grow anywhere. Clematis montana is beautiful, but needs a mountain top for best results.

And here is a list from which you can select something before the frosts come along:—

Cobaea (cup and saucer vine), gelsemium (winter jasmine, yellow), hardenbergia (false sarsaparilla, purple), honeysuckles (many of them), hoya (wax flower, very fragrant but a slow grower), passiflora (non-edible passion vines), phaseolus (snail creeper), potato flower (blue and fragrant, a strong grower), quisqualis (Rangoon creeper, needs warmth), rhynchospermum (white and jasmine-like), solandra (golden chalice vine, huge yellow cups), sollya (W.A. bluebell vine), thunbergia (golden glory vine), and manettia (Christmas bell vine).

FLAT-DWELLERS grow kitchen herbs in pots. Maiva Drummond, of radio's "Aunt Jenny," has parsley, mint, and sage, to be used fresh or dried. For storage, oven-dry slowly and keep in airtight containers.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

HAND-SAVER: Insert your hand in a convenient-sized brown paper bag before brushing and cleaning a fuel stove; also use the same method for cleaning open-cut sandals.

★ ★ ★

GIVE your stocking-darner a coat of white enamel. The white shows up the holes clearly and makes night darning less strain on the eyes.

★ ★ ★

DIP tomato slices in vinegar before frying, and they will not break up. In and out, mind. Don't soak them.

★ ★ ★

NO need to wash leadlight windows if you brush them regularly and well with a firm brush.

FRY'S
CHOCOLATE CREAM TABLETS

HOME-FRONT WEARINESS

BRINGS ILLS IN ITS TRAIL—so Always have 'ASPRO' ready!

18/46

DAY in, day out — it's the same old thing. Longer hours at the lathe—at the desk—on the wharf—or in the kitchen. It's hang on—keep going all the time, and it's not unusual for nervous energy to pay the penalty.

When you feel "fed up" and "run down"—that's the time to heed the warning. At the first signs of anything amiss, take 'ASPRO.' 'ASPRO' will calm and comfort your nerves — so always have a packet on hand.

3d, 1/3 & 4/- Per Packet

The nearest way to a man's heart is through . . . a lovely complexion.
Use Rexona MEDICATED SOAP

DON'T THINK you can camouflage skin faults with powder and make up! You'll never "make port" with the Navy unless your skin is smooth and kissable. Rexona Soap contains special medicaments to freshen a drab complexion and to float out all those impurities that cause blotchiness and roughness. Give your complexion Rexona care to keep it lovely always.

REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona Compound comprising Oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Tenbloth and Benzyl Acetate—all recognised valuable Skin Medicaments

10½d PER TABLET

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The green lotion in the round bottle with the orange label is the original Olive Oil Lotion

TRADE MARK & PACKAGE ARE THE GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

Cerebos TABLE SALT
REMEMBER ?!! IT WILL BE BACK WHEN PEACE COMES.

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from— Adelyn REGD

AT ALL LEADING STORES
Look for the Label!

Living with blood pressure . . .

● Cut out worry and hurry, rest more, sleep soundly, and you'll live long and well.

By MEDICO

"I HAVE been told I've got blood pressure, doctor, and I'm so worried," said Mrs. Northby, as she lowered herself into the chair beside my desk.

"So have I, and so has everybody for that matter," I replied. "It would be impossible to live without it."

"But can't you give me something to bring it down? Surely . . ." she trailed off.

Reducing blood pressure with a drug would not be good treatment. Actually high blood pressure can be a good sign, because it shows that the heart is able to build itself up to meet the extra resistance caused by the thickened blood vessels.

"When I hurry upstairs I can feel my heart pumping. Why is that?" asked Mrs. Northby.

"Your blood pressure varies with the changing demands made upon it. When you are hurried or worried it goes up. When you rest, and especially when you sleep, it goes down."

"But I can't rest all the time, I've my housework to do," she said.

"Well, it amounts to this," I replied. "Accept your blood pressure as a sign that your capacity for continued effort has been reduced. You can do one of two things: You can live the sort of life you have done in the past—and that would not be wise—or you can live a blood-pressure life.

"**This means a rest in the middle of the morning and afternoon, and a good night's sleep.**

"You may have to neglect some of the more active parts of your housework.

"**You will need to lose some of your excess weight by reducing sugar, cakes, bread, jam, and butter, and living on salad and other vegetables, milk, fruit, wheatmeal or oatmeal porridge, and some meat, fish, or egg.**

"Take only enough fluids at meals to make your meals palatable, but drink two pints a day of some fluid between meals.

"I'll give you a thorough overhaul to see if there is any chronic trouble that may be a factor, and I'll give you a sedative to help you rest at night."

A MID-MORNING and afternoon rest, and a good night's sleep, Medico says, reduces blood pressure to the minimum. It can be avoided by cutting out late nights, resting sometimes, and having the right food.

"Thank you, doctor. I feel I know where I stand now," said Mrs. Northby.

"Just one more thing, doctor. Is blood pressure hereditary?"

"In a small proportion of cases it is," I replied, "and that kind is a very difficult problem, but most cases are the result of faulty living habits."

"How can it be prevented then? I wouldn't like to think my daughter was going to have this trouble when she's my age."

"The way your daughter lives for the next twenty years will be the deciding factor whether she gets blood pressure at an early age.

"Not even the healthiest of us can avoid paying the long-term price in health for too many late nights, inadequate rest, and eating habits which do not provide the body with the nutrients found in the foundation foods—milk, meat, cheese, fruit, vegetables, wheatmeal bread, and porridge.

"**Very few women in Australia have enough of these to supply their bodies' needs. They depend too much on refined manufactured foods which satisfy the appetite, but do not nourish.**" (All names fictitious.)

Playthings as valuable aids

By SISTER MARY JACOB

WISE parents should plan well for their children's toys.

Some are needed to keep children happy and active out of doors; others are required for various kinds of indoor activities.

Play equipment is necessary for the child's proper physical development; for allowing a release of energy, even in a restricted space.

Toys for little children should be durable and hygienic—and the paint used on colored toys should be waterproof and non-poisonous.

Aim to give constructive playthings to your children, such as wooden blocks, carpentry tools, crayons, clay for modelling, or colored felts.

Toys are valuable aids to co-operative play between children to creative play, so that nervous habits are overcome.

In these days when toys are so expensive, many simple toys can, with a little ingenuity, be made at home.

The Australian Women's Weekly's 48-page book of home-made toys (now on sale at our offices and newsagents for 1/-) gives instructions and illustrations for making many of these fascinating playthings.

THIS DOCILE dragon can be easily made from cotton-reels and scraps, gaily painted.

Relieve Eczema and Itching Skin

IF you suffer from Eczema or other itching skin complaints, don't delay proper treatment another day. When care is not taken, there is a tendency for the continued irritations and unsightly eruptions of the skin to spread and become chronic. Doan's Ointment will give you quick relief, for it penetrates to the true skin where the inflammation lies. It is antiseptic, healing, and quickly allays the irritation. Be sure you get Doan's Ointment today.

Doan's Ointment

PRESENT FOR A MOTHER—

Two generations of Mothers have been using Curlypet.

Curlypet's gentle antiseptic qualities keep baby's precious head so free of cradlecap and scalp irritation, and help baby's hair to grow beautifully lustrous, healthy and curly.

So, some tubes of Curlypet make the nicest and most useful present you could give Baby's Mother at every season of the year.

You can get Curlypet from your nearest Chemist or Store, and if you are far from town, pin 3/8 in Postal Note or Stamps to a piece of paper with your name and address, send it to Curlypet Laboratory, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, and your Curlypet will reach you by return mail with full directions for use.

Keep a note of the number of your Postal Note until you have our reply.

CURLYPET

TOO OLD AT 35
Care would have saved his hair

See any signs of baldness, or falling hair. Is it losing colour, too oily or dry, your scalp itchy and tender, the hair-line moved back from your forehead, the crown getting thin, dandruff worrying you? EVEN IF YOU'RE ACTUALLY BALD YOU MUSTN'T GIVE UP HOPE!

Thousands have benefited by reading

THE MOST AMAZING BOOK EVER PUBLISHED ON THE CARE OF THE HAIR FREE TO YOU!

Here for the FIRST TIME in one graphically written absorbingly vital book is the true scientific story of your hair, contains vital facts about hair, the care you must take of it, how hair grows, why it falls out, danger signs to watch, how to combat dandruff. Chock full of diagrams and pictures, you will read how I HAVE HELPED THOUSANDS ON AN AMAZING MONEY BACK GUARANTEE COURSE OF TREATMENT.

Your copy of this book is mailed FREE TO YOU UNDER PLAIN WRAPPER.

BRIAN R. PEARSON, 17 Bond St., Sydney. Box 4003, G.P.O.
Please forward your free book. I enclose 5d. in stamps.
Mr., Mrs., Miss .....
Address .....
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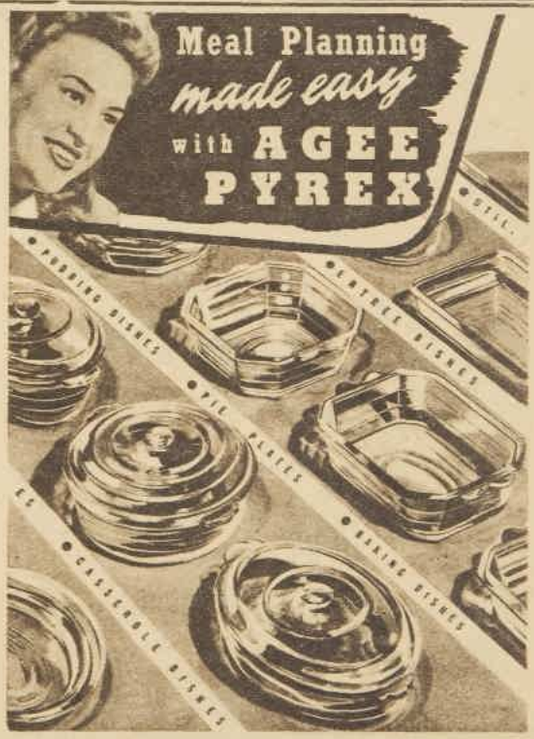
IN BUSES TRAMS

In streets, in shops,
The 'flu germs are around,
In any place where there's a crowd
They surely will be found,
So guard against the germs of 'flu
Be from them quite secure,
And for a certain remedy use
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Do FALSE TEETH
Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEETH, a new, improved powder, sprinkled on upper or lower plates, keeps false teeth firm and comfortable. Cannot slide, slip, rock or pop-out. No gummy, gooey taste. Keeps breath sweet. Get **FASTEETH** to-day at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.



For every type of cooking and every form of serving . . . for roasts, casseroles; for souffles, jellies; for sweets and desserts of every kind . . . there is a special dish in the AGEE PYREX range. By adding steadily to your present PYREX dishes, you will soon be in a happy position to plan every meal so that it can be cooked and served in the money-saving, nourishment-preserving, eye-appealing, *modern* PYREX way. Each new AGEE PYREX dish you buy brings you a step nearer to every woman's ideal . . . a kitchen completely equipped with streamlined PYREX ovenware . . . ovenware which is also tableware . . . ovenware which makes meal planning easy.

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Makers of vitally necessary dispensary, laboratory and clinical glassware for use by the fighting forces.

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GUARD AGAINST WINTER AILMENTS by serving through all seasons of the year salads and raw fruits. These fruits and vegetables are rich in vitamins and minerals.

Eat them Raw

●And eat them as garden-fresh as possible. The service of some uncooked food each day is a basic food rule. It ensures the inclusion of Vitamin C and essential minerals in the food intake.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

ORANGE juice for breakfast, a gay spoonful of grated raw carrot on the hot dinner-plate, green salad for luncheon or as a side salad with hot meats, daily glass of milk, crisp apple or pear . . .

These are more than trimmings to the menu; they are essentials. They are food factors that promote vibrant health, physical efficiency plus.

APPLES

The shorter the distance between tree and table the higher the value. Eat the skin.

Serve as dessert fruit for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. Excellent with cheese or cheese biscuits.

For Apple Salads try:

Grated apple and celery with salad dressing in lettuce cups.

Diced apple and flaked fish with curry-flavored mayonnaise.

Diced apple and raisins or chopped dates, drenched with orange juice and served with lettuce, celery, and cheese.

Diced apple and finely shredded cabbage, seasoned with onion juice and freshly chopped mint; serve with brown bread and peanut-butter sandwiches.

For uncooked apple sweets try:

Grated apple, sweetened with honey and spiced with cinnamon piled on marmalade-spread French toast.

Sliced apple, glazed with lemon juice and honey, topped with caramel junket.

Crisp pastry-cases filled with freshly grated apples, moistened with lemon juice, and chopped raisins, currants, sultanas and lemon peel.

CABBAGE

Remove wilted leaves, shred very finely, and crisp in refrigerator vitaliser. Drain and season. The following colesiaws make fine salads for hot or cold meat:

Shredded cabbage, seasoned with pepper, salt, and chopped mint moistened with salad dressing.

Shredded cabbage with chopped shallots and chopped radishes. Season well and serve with salad oil and lemon juice.

Shredded cabbage with chopped cucumber, chopped green and red capsicum, and chopped celery, seasoned with finely minced onion, pepper and salt, and vinegar

Shredded cabbage with diced pineapple topped with salad cream dressing seasoned with mint, onion juice, and pepper.

CARROTS

A gay ingredient on any plate. Chop, cube, cut into rings or match strips, shred or grate.

Their sweet, delicate flavor is preserved in raw service. Serve plain or in combination with other vegetables, fruits, fish, or meats.

Spoon crisp, grated carrot on to hot dinner plates. Whip into sandwich fillings of eggs, cheese, celery, or pastes.

Try the following salad combinations:

Coarsely shredded carrot with chopped raisins (or other dried fruit), and nuts in salad dressing. Top with powdered parsley or mint and serve with greens.

Crisp match strips of carrot with strips of radish and celery seasoned with a clear dressing and served with salad meat loaf.

Grated carrot and finely chopped capsicum served with a fish and cucumber mayonnaise.

CAULIFLOWER

Can be used raw in many combinations. The early season cauliflowers have a delicate nutty flavor very pleasing to the salad connoisseur.

Choose small, young heads, remove coarse stems and leaves and blemishes. Wash, separate flowerets, and slice, shred, or chop. Season with pepper, salt, lemon juice, or vinegar with or without salad oil.

The following combinations are interesting:

Shredded cauliflower with finely chopped green capsicum, diced celery, chopped shallot, topped with salad dressing.

Shredded cauliflower with diced orange and chopped celery leaves, and a hint of onion.

Tiny cauliflowerets with flaked fish in lettuce cups and topped with tomato puree.

SERVICE NOTES FOR OTHER VEGETABLES—AND FRUITS

Do not strain orange and lemon juice.

Serve pineapple cubes or slices with meat, fish, and cheese salads. Use pineapple juice in salad dressing. Serve a spoonful of grated pineapple and shredded lettuce with grilled steak or lamb chops.

Season tomato cases with pepper, salt, and the faintest touch of powdered sage. Try filling with cream cheese and chopped celery; with flaked fish and cucumber seasoned with lemon; with shrimps and diced potato.

Add a squeeze of lemon juice to almost any frozen or chilled sweet before turning into mould to set; it adds to flavor and value.

Add lemon juice to spinach, cabbage, celery, or diced carrots and turnips just before serving.

FLAVOR NOTES

ROSEMARY, the tiniest sprig, added to deep fat will perfume it perfectly for deep-fried potatoes or fish cakes.

A pinch of grated orange peel gives an interesting flavor to the white sauce for cauliflower.

Dust thickly sliced tomatoes with curry, top thickly with cheese, and grill or bake . . . perfect with chicken.

Sandwiches five days a week . . . try grated cheese, chopped mint, and a little salad dressing.

Egg-sandwiches again . . . add a spot of onion juice and lots of freshly chopped parsley.

Ever try a white instead of a brown sauce with fried calf's liver . . . add diced apple and chopped boiled onion to it.

Live in a flat? You can grow herbs in window pots. Try a touch of thyme in fish and potato patties.

Add a touch of marjoram to any egg or cheese dish . . . be subtle, add just enough to tantalise.

Chunks of apple in the batter next time you cook pork sausages in Toad in the Hole.

GLAMORISE Irish stew with a half cup of tomato puree to average-sized casserole . . . add a speck of sage, no more.

Whip peanut butter, to taste, into creamed potato for fried breakfast cakes.

Honeycomb tripe in batter can tickle any palate. Add a tablespoon of chutney to the batter . . . serve very crisp, very golden, very hot.

Pickled beetroot does something to cucumber, or it may be vice versa. My choice for eating alone at midday—brown bread and butter with cucumber and beetroot and a great teapot of freshly made tea.

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Here are recipe winners!

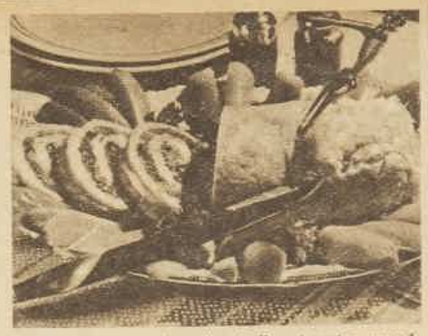
● Serve the first prize with the third prize, and wait for applause —casserole of tripe with crisp, golden, apple cheese fritters.

IF bacon is not available for the tripe recipe, fill the rolls with bread seasoning flavored with herbs, minced kidneys or mushrooms.

Try, too, a dash of tomato puree in the sauce.

Each week readers' recipe entries are checked carefully. Have you sent one in lately? Do. It may win you a cash prize.

FOR COLD NIGHTS . . . spaghetti or macaroni, piping hot in a smooth, white sauce. Try flavored with peppered cheese or cheese with a hint of sage. Add oysters or mushrooms for special occasions.



ROLY-POLY is a favorite. Roll suet pastry, spread with mincemeat, flavored with onion and herbs, roll, wrap securely, and boil gently three hours.

LANCASHIRE TRIPE CASSEROLE

One pound tripe, ½lb. bacon, 1 minced onion, 3 carrots, 1½ cups milk, 2 dessertspoons flour, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt to taste.

Cut washed tripe into large squares, cover with cold water, and bring to the boil to blanch. Pour water off, place a piece of bacon on each square of tripe, sprinkle with minced onion, roll tightly, and tie with cotton. Dip rolls in flour, fry pale brown in hot fat. Place sliced onion in a casserole, cover with carrot rings, place tripe rolls on top, add sufficient water to create steam, and cook in a moderate oven for 2 hours. Lift rolls out, remove cotton, keep hot. Make a sauce with the butter, flour, and milk, and pour over the onion and carrot in the casserole. Replace tripe rolls, sprinkle with parsley, and serve hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Sephton, c/o 26 Trevenar St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

CABBAGE AND TOMATO CASSEROLE

Three teacups shredded, boiled cabbage, 1 teacup tomato puree, 1½ tablespoons minced onion, 2oz. margarine, 1 teacup grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teacup breadcrumbs.

Melt half the margarine in a saucepan, add the onion, and fry 5 minutes. Add tomato puree. Arrange alternate layers of cabbage and sauce in a fireproof dish, sprinkling each layer with grated cheese, crumbs, and parsley. Top with crumbs, dot with balance of margarine, and bake in a hot oven 20 minutes or until slightly browned. Serves six.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss V. Meancy, 77 Victoria Pde., East Melbourne, Vic.

CHEESED APPLE FRITTERS

One egg, 1 cup milk, 1 cup self-raising flour, ½ cup grated cheese, ½ cup grated apple, pinch salt.

Beat the egg, add the milk, then the sifted flour and salt, beating well. Stir in the grated cheese and apple and fry in spoonfuls in hot fat. Serve with a sprinkle of sugar and a squeeze of lemon juice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. C. Smithers, 2 Hilltop, 224 Clovelly Rd., Randwick, N.S.W.

BROWN RAISIN LOAF

One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 cups bran, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups sour milk, 1 cup raisins, ½ cup treacle, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda.

Mix the sifted flour and salt with the bran and brown sugar. Add the raisins and stir in the treacle with the milk, and add the soda dissolved in a little warm water. Divide the mixture into two, and bake in two greased loaf-tins in a hot oven 40 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Young, 35 Hammond Ave., Normanhurst, N.S.W.

KIDNEYS AND MACARONI

Four ounces macaroni, 4 to 6 sheep's kidneys, 2 tomatoes, pepper, salt, mustard, little butter or substitute, breadcrumbs.

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Place in greased fireproof dish in layers with sliced kidneys and sliced tomatoes, seasoned with pepper, salt, and a little dry mustard. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs and dot with butter or substitute. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Gunter, 34 Carlton Crescent, Summer Hill, N.S.W.

DATE CAKE

Quarter pound dates, ½ cup lemon peel, 1 lemon, 1 cup water, ½ teaspoon soda, ½lb. lard, ½lb. sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ cups plain flour, ½ cup self-raising flour.

Chop dates and lemon peel, place in saucepan with the cup of water. Add grated rind and juice of half lemon. Bring to boil, mash with fork. Cream lard and sugar with remaining lemon juice. Add beaten eggs. Add sifted flour alternately with the date mixture, to which soda has been added. Place in greased loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven for 1 hour. Ice with lemon icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Norman Atkins, Sydney Pde., Geelong, Vic.

Here is the recipe that won first prize last week for Mrs. L. Knight, of Latimer Rd., Rose Bay:

CHOKO ORANGE HONEY

Twelve chokoes, 3 cups sugar, juice of 3 oranges, shredded rind of 2 oranges, 1 cup water, a little preserved ginger.

Peel chokoes and cut into cubes. Place in dish and cover with 1 cup sugar, orange juice, and water. Stand 12 hours. Next day put into a preserving-pan and boil for 1 hour. Add shredded orange rind, remaining 2 cups sugar, and preserved ginger. Boil until it "jells" when tested. Bottle while hot.

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Beauty Specialists' Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add a small box of Orlex Compound and a little perfume. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off."

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